ASIA

SELECT ESSAYS

OF

SISTER NIVEDITA

GANESH & CO., MADRAS

SISTER NIVEDITA

Sister Nivedita

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SISTER NIVEDITA

Author of Web of Indian Life, Cradle-Tales of Hinduism, Kali The Mother, The Master as I saw Him, Indian Study of Love and Death, etc. ::

with

Foreword by Mr. A. J. F. Blair, Editor, "Empire" :: :: ::

THIRD EDITION

MADRAS

GANESH & CO., PUBLISHERS

FOREWORD

MARGARET NOBLE—“ The white flower of nobility ” —Nivedita “ dedicated ”. Whether we think of her by her English or her Indian name, was ever human being more appropriately called? High-souled purity and infinite devotion are the thoughts that ever spring to mind at the very mention of her name. To those who knew her she was an embodied conscience. As her clear eyes searched one through and through, so did the white flame of her moral fervour burn out and wither up all the baser elements in one’s nature. No man or woman ever faced that scrutiny without emerging from it purified and strengthened.

She was a writer of extraordinary range, eloquence and power. The collection of essays in the present volume, comprehensive as it is, exhibits her tireless literary productivity in a mere fragmentary form. The crown and summit of her work is undoubtedly the “Web of Indian Life,” to read which is not merely to enter into the Indian holy of holies, but to drink deep of the meaning and inspiration of the author’s own life.

Like all great souls, however, she towered above, and dominated, all her works. She was far greater than they. The influence of her life and personality was and is a perpetual inspiration, which lives as long as those on whom it once rested, to be thence transmitted (let us hope) to those who follow.

Unselfish, brave, white-souled, dowered so nobly with mental, spiritual and physical graces, who can express in words what she was to those who loved her, or gather up the measure of their loss?

CALCUTTA
10th November 1911 A. J. F. B.

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INDIA THE MOTHER

INDIA THE MOTHER

(By Abanindra Nath Tagore)

It is not always those events which are most loudly talked of that are really most important, and I for one have no hesitation in ranking far above most things that have happened during the past month, the appearance of Mr. Abanindra Nath Tagore's picture of 'The Spirit of the Motherland,' published recently in the Bengalee periodical, *Bhandar*. We see in Mr. Tagore's drawing, which is reproduced here, something for which Indian art has long been waiting, the birth of the idea of those new combinations which are to mark the modern age in India. For if nationality, and the civic ideal, and every form of free and vigorous co-operation for mutual service and mutual aid, are indeed to be the distinguishing marks of the new era, then it is clear that we must have definite symbols under which to think of them, and with the creation and establishment of such symbols Indian art will be occupied, for these many decades, or even it may be, for centuries to come.

I have long thought that if I were an Indian Prince I would save my surplus revenues first and

foremost for the promotion of civic and historic painting. To this end I would open competitions and announce prizes, and establish picture-printing presses for cheap reproduction of coloured pictures. Here, in our dusty lanes, I would like to build open verandahs, running round three sides of a square, and bearing on their inner surfaces great mural pictures—some in pigments, some in mosaics, and some after the fashion of old Indian art, carved in stone in low relief—of the mighty scenes of the civic and national past. We have such things already in Indian temples. I have seen at Conjeeveram a long frieze of Ramayana subjects, and elsewhere glimpses from the Mahabharata and Purânas. But the buildings of which I speak should be civic temples, or temples may be of the national spirit. There, no mythic scenes should be allowed. Instead—Asoka sending forth his missionaries; Kanishka seated in council; Vikramaditya offering the Asvamedh; the twelve crowned victims of Cheetore—the Coronation of Akbar; the building of the Taj; the funeral of Aurangzebe; the sati of the Queen Janhobi of hill Tipperah—these, and such as these, should be the subject here displayed, and every woman on her way to the river-ghat, and every labourer going to and from his work, should be made familiar with the idea of India, and the evolution of India throughout four thousand years.

In visiting the English House of Parliament, as all the world is free to do, in London on Saturday mornings, nothing is so startingly impressive and memorable as the array of mural pictures in the two lobbies, and the selection of subjects, sounding the different notes of aristocratic and democratic pride in the history of England, according as we find ourselves on the threshold of the Lords or the Commons. Similarly, in the Manchester Town Hall, the walls are covered with the painted story of early Manchester and mediæval Manchester, and the spectator is likely to feel that there is little fair in human life or human hope that is not indicated there. But the difficulty in both these cases is the same. These frescoes are inside buildings, and their enjoyment is necessarily confined, therefore, to those who are more or less wealthy and already educated. In the beautiful Indian climate, however, there is no necessity for such shutting up of the means of education. Wide overhanging eaves to protect pictures and visitors from rain and direct sun-light, and no more is necessary. The lane itself is become a University, and the picture is more than a thakoor, it is a school, a library, an epic poem. Necessarily the man who would initiate such a fashion must be born a prince. But in modern times cheap colour-printing offers an easily available substitute for mural painting. In remote farm-houses and in bazar verandahs alike,

one comes upon such pictures of the gods and goddesses, made for the most part in Germany and sadly inaccurate. It is here, in the preparation of Swadeshi substitutes for these posters, as we might perhaps call them, that the present generation of art-students might do admirable work. And certainly first and foremost of the series I would place this wonderful Bharat-Mata of Mr. Tagore. In this picture—which would need to be enlarged and printed, for the purpose of which I speak, in two or three bright but delicate colours--we have a combination of perfect refinement with great creative imagination. Bharat-Mata stands on the green earth. Behind her is the blue sky. Beneath the exquisite little feet is a curved line of four misty white lotuses. She has the four arms that always, to Indian thinking, indicate the divine power. Her sari is severe, even to puritanism, in its enfolding lines. And behind the noble sincerity of eyes and brow we are awed by the presence of the broad white halo. Shiksha-diksha-anna-bastra the four gifts of the Motherland to her children, she offers in her four hands.

From beginning to end the picture is an appeal, in the Indian language, to the Indian heart. It is the first great masterpiece in a new style. I would reprint it, if I could, by tens of thousands, and scatter it broadcast over the land, till there was not a peasant's cottage, or a craftman's hut, between Keder

Nath and Cape Comorin, that had not this presentment of Bharat-Mata somewhere on its walls. Over and over again, as one looks into its qualities, one is struck by the purity and delicacy of the personality portrayed. And it is a wonderful thing surely, that this should be the quality that speaks loudest in the first picture of India the Mother that an Indian man makes for his people.

This is not the first fine thing that its creator has done. But for my own part every former achievement of his appears to rank beside this as the construction of written characters ranks beside the first poem inscribed in them. Up to this time, Mr. Tagore has been creating his language, creating his style. Now he has begun to write poems. May he never cease! and may there follow thousands after him to write more, in the language that he by his unaided efforts has created for them, and will teach to them—*Indian world.*

THE PRESENT POSITION OF WOMAN

General Considerations

It would be useless to attempt any comparative study of human institutions, apart from the ideals of which they are the expression. In every social evolution, whether of the modern American, the Hottentot, the Semitic or the Mongolian, the dynamic element lies in the ideal behind it. For the student of sociology, the inability to discover this formative factor in any given result constitutes a supreme defect. To assume, as is so often done, that one people has moulded itself on a moral purpose, clearly perceived, while in the minds of others the place for such purpose is blank, and they are as they have happened to occur, is purely anarchic and pre-scientific. Yet some such conception is only too common amongst those writers to whom we are compelled to go, for the data of racial sociology. This is an unfortunate consequence of the fact that, for the most part, we are only impelled to the international service of humanity, by a strong accession of sectarian ardour.

Another error, to be avoided in comparative statement, is that of endowing the more or less antithetic ideals and tendencies which we do disentangle, with a false rigidity and distinctiveness. It is easy to argue backwards, from institutions to ideals, in such a way as to tabulate whole realms of poetry and aspiration inexorably closed to certain peoples. But ideals are the opportunity of all, the property of none; and sanity of view seems to demand that we should never lose sight of the underlying unity and *humanness* of humanity. Thus, nothing would appear at first sight more fixed, or more limiting, than the polyandry of Thibet. We might well assume, *a priori* that to look for certain standards and perceptions amongst a populace so characterised were vain. That such a view would be untrue, however, is shown at once by Sven Hedin, in his recent work, *Trans-Himalaya*, where he tells of a Thibetan gentleman imploring him never to shoot the wild geese, for these birds are known to have human hearts. Like men, they mate but once; hence, in killing one, we may inflict on another a long life of perpetual sorrow. This one incident is sufficient to remind us of the high potentialities of the human spirit everywhere, however unpromising may be the results of a superficial glance. Again, we all know something of the marvels of constructive and self-organising power shown by modern Europe. When we look behind the symptom for the cause, we

may feel impelled to the opinion that the master-fact in this regard is the influence of the genius of ancient Rome, acting first in the Empire, then in the Church, and lastly seen in the reaction of nationalities to-day. But of that fundamental Roman genius itself, it is increasingly difficult to make any statement that does not almost immediately commend itself to us, as equally applicable to China as the great leader of the Yellow Races. The actual difference between Europe and Asia, in spite of the analogy between Rome and the people of Han, may perhaps be found explicable on the basis of the differing place and materials on which these two instincts had to work. Perhaps the very foundation-stone of sociological truth lies in that unity of humanity, which such considerations illustrate.

And lastly, we have to remember the widely differing values of different classes of evidence. It is important always, if possible, to make a people speak for themselves. Identical material may be oppositely handled, as all will admit, by different persons, but we cannot go far wrong, in demanding that in all cases original evidence shall have a wide preference, over the report of his personal observations and opinions, made by a foreigner. It would also be well to stipulate for the same rights of scrutiny, over even original evidence, as would be exercised by competent persons in weighing testimony, with regard, say,

to physical experiments or a case in a court of law. Statements made, even by the natives of a given country, with the direct intention of witnessing or ministering to some partisan position, will not, on the face of it, have the same value as if it can be shown that they were made with no idea of a particular question having arisen. For instance, we may refer to the matter of the position of the Chinese woman in marriage. We are assured by most modern writers of authority that this is most depressing. In theory, the wife is completely subordinated, while in fact, the man always exploits to the full the opportunity thus given him. That marriage can be brutalised is doubtless as true in the case of China as in that of England. All that we have a right to ask is, whether it has also the opposite possibility, and in what degree and frequency. I assume that we are all familiar with the relation between the general development of a society, and its impulse to recognise an individual poet, and accord him fame. Bearing this relation in mind, we shall be able to measure the significance of a couple of little poems translated by Martin, in his tiny posthumous work—*La Femme on Chine.* Of these, one may be given here. It is by the poet Lin-Tchi to his wife.

> We are living under the same roof, dear comrade of my life,
> We shall be buried in a single tomb.
> And our commingled ashes will eternalise our union.
> With what good will hast thou shared my poverty,
> And striven to aid me by thy toil!

What ought I not to do to make our names illustrious by my wisdom.
Thus rendering glorious thy noble example and thy good deeds!
But my tenderness and my respect have told thee this every day." [1]

It is not true that one geniune utterance from the heart of a people, is testimony that outweighs a whole volume of opinions, however honest, about them? The historical process, as manifested in different countries, may have let to the selection of various ideals as motives of organisation, but an open examination of data will make us very doubtful of statements that would deny to any nationality a given height of spirituality or refinement.

Classification

The first point to be determined in dealing with the proper subject of this paper, the present position of the civilised women, is the principle of classification to be followed. We might divide women into Asiatic and European; but if so, the American woman must be taken as European *par excellence*. And where must we place the woman of Japan? The terms Eastern and Western are too vague, and Modern and Mediæval too inexact. Nor can we afford to discard half of each of these generalisations, and classify woman as, on the one hand,

[1] Paris. Sandoz and Frischbacher, 1876.

Western—whether Norse, Teuton, Slav, or Latin—and on the other Mongolian, Hindu, or Mussalman. Such a system of reference would be too cumbersome. Perhaps the only true classification is based on ideals, and if so, we might divide human society, in so far as woman is concerned, into communities dominated by the civic, and communities dominated by the family, ideal.

THE CIVIC IDEAL

Under the civic ideal—imperfectly as a particular women may feel that this has yet been realised—both men and women tend to be recognised as individuals holding definite relations to each other in the public economy, and by their own free will co-operating to build up the family. The *civitas* tends to ignore the family, save as a result, like any other form of productive co-operation, and in its fullest development may perhaps come to ignore sex. In America, for instance, both men and women are known as 'citizens'. No one asks. 'Are you a *native* or a *subject*, of America ?' but always, "Are you an American *citizen* ?" The contemporary struggle of the English woman, for the rudiments of political equality with men, is but a single step in the long process of woman's civic evolution. It is significant of her conscious acceptance of the civic ideal as her goal. The arrival of this moment is undoubtedly hastened by the very

marked tendency of modern nations towards the economic independence of woman; and this process, again, though born of the industrial transformation from Manual to Mechanical, or Mediæval to Modern, is indirectly accelerated, amongst imperial and colonising peoples, by the gravitation of the men of the ruling classes towards the geographical confines of their racial or political area. One factor, amongst the many thus brought into play, is the impracticability of the family as their main career for some of the most vigorous and intelligent of women. These are thrown back upon the *civitas* for the theatre of their activities, and the material of their mental and emotional development. Such conditions are much in evidence in the England of to-day, and must have been hardly less so in Imperial Rome. Nero's assassination of his mother might conceivably be treated as the Roman form of denial of the suffrage to woman.

Regarding the civic evolution of woman as a process, it is easy to see that it will always take place most rapidly in those communities and at those epochs when political or industrial transformation, or both, are most energetic and individuating. The guiding and restraining influences which give final shape to the results achieved are always derived from the historical fund of ideals and institutions, social, æsthetic and spiritual. It is here that we shall derive most advantage from remembering the very relative

and approximate character of the differentiation of ideals. The more extended our sympathies, the more enlarged becomes the area of precedent. If the Anglo-Saxon woman rebelling in England, or organising herself into great municipal leagues in America, appears at the moment to lead the world in the struggle for the concession of full civic responsibility, we must not forget the brilliance of the part played by women in the national history of France. Nor must we forget the Mediæval Church, that extraordinary creation of the Latin peoples, which as a sort of civitas of the soul, offered an organised super-domestic career to women, throughout the Middle Ages, and will probably still continue, as a fund of inspiration and experience, to play an immense part, even in her future. Nor must we forget that Finland has outstripped even the English-speaking nations. Nor can we, in this connection, permit ourselves to overlook the womanhood of the East. The importance of woman in the dynastic history of China for example, during the last four thousand years, would of itself remind us, that though the family may dominate the life of the Chinese woman, yet she is not absolutely excluded from the civic career. Again, the noble protest of his inferior wife, Tchong-tse, to the Emperor in 556 B.C. against the nomination of her own son as heir to the throne, shows that moral development has been known in that country to go hand in hand

with opportunity. "Such a step," she says, "would indeed gratify my affection, but it would be contrary to the laws. Think and act as a prince, and not as a father!" This is an utterance which, all will agree, for its civic virtue and sound political sense, to have been worthy of any matron of Imperial Rome.

But it is not China alone in the East, that can furnish evidence to the point. In India, also, women have held power, from time to time, as rulers and administrators, often with memorable success. And it is difficult to believe that a similar statement might not be made of Muhammadanism. There is at least one Indo-Mussalman throne, that of Bhopal, which is generally held by a woman. Perhaps enough has been said to emphasise the point that while the evolution of her civic personality is at present the characteristic fact in the position of the Western woman, the East also has power, in virtue of her history and experience, to contribute to the working out of this ideal. To deny this would be as ignorantly unjust as to pretend that Western women had never achieved greatness by their fidelity, tenderness, and other virtues of the family. The antithesis merely implies that in each case the mass of social institutions is more or less attuned to the dominant conception of the goal, while its fellow is present, but in a phase relatively subordinate, or perhaps even incipient.

The civic life, then, is that which pertains to the community as a whole, that community—whether of nation, province, or township—whose unity transcends and ignores that of the family, reckoning its own active elements, men or women as the case may be, as individuals only. Of this type of social organisation, public spirit is the distinctive virtue; determined invasion of the freedom of welfare of the whole, in the interest of special classes or individuals, the distinctive sin. The civic spirit embodies the personal and categorical form of such ideals as those of national unity, or corporate independence. Its creative bond is that of place, the common home—as distinguished from blood, the common kin—that common home, whose children are knit together to make the *civitas*, the civic family, rising in its largest complexity to be the national family.

The characteristic test of moral dignity and maturity which our age offers to the individual is this of his or her participation in civic wisdom and responsibility. Our patriotism may vary from jingoism to the narrowest parochialism but the demand for patriotism in some form or other, we all acknowledge to be just. Different countries have their various difficulties in civic evolution, and these are apt to bear harder on that of the woman than of the man. The study of woman in America where society has been budded, so to speak, from older growths and

started anew, with the modern phase, in a virgin soil, is full of illustrations. It would be a mistake to attribute the regrettable tendency towards disintegration of the family, which we are undeniably witnessing in that country to-day, to any ardour in the pursuit of civic ideals. High moral aims are almost always mutually coherent. Weakening of family ties will not go hand in hand, in a modern community, with growth of civic integrity. Both the progressive idea of the *civitas*, and the conservative idea of the family, are apt to suffer at once from that assumption of the right to enjoyment which is so characteristic of the new land, with its vast natural resources, still imperfectly exploited. Various American states exhibit a wide range of institutions; domestic and political. Some have long conceded the right of female suffrage, while in others the dissolution of marriage is notoriously frivolous. But we may take it as an axiom that the ethics of *civitas* and of family, so far as woman is concerned are never really defiant of each other; that neither battens on the decay of its fellow; but that both alike suffer from the invasions of selfishness, luxury and extravagance; while both are equally energised, by all that tends to the growth of womanly honour and responsibility in either field. Even that movement, of largely American and feminist origin, which we may well refer to as the New Monasticism

—the movement of social observation and social service, finding its blossom in university settlements and Hull Houses—is permeated through and through with the modern, and above all, with the American, unsuspiciousness of pleasure. It is essentially an Epicurean, movement—always remembering, as did Epicurus, that the higher pleasures of humanity include pain—not only in the effort it makes to brighten and enliven poverty and toil, but also in the delicate and determined gaiety of spirit of those engaged in it, who have never been heard to admit that the hairshirt of social service, with all its anxiety and labour, affords them anything but the keenest of delight to don.

THE FAMILY IDEAL

The society of the East, and therefore necessarily its womenhood, has moulded itself from time immemorial on the central ideal of the family. In no Eastern country it may be broadly said—the positive spirit of China, and the inter-tribal unity of Islam to the contrary notwithstanding—has the civic concept ever risen into that clearness and authority which it holds in the modern West. As a slight illustration of this, we have the interesting question of the sources amongst different peoples of their titles of honour. In China, we are told, all terms of courtesy are derived from family relationships. The same

statement is true of India, but perhaps to a less extent; for there a certain number of titles are taken from the life of courts, and also from ecclesiastical and monastic organisations. The greatest number and variety of titles of honour, however, is undoubtedly to be found amongst Mussalman nations, who have been familiar from the beginning with the idea of the alien, but friendly tribe. In all countries, as well in Asia as in mediæval Europe, individual women, owing to the accidents of rank or character, have occasionally distinguished themselves in civil and even in military administration. If France has had her saintly queen, Blanche of Castile, China has had a sovereign of talents and piety no less touching and memorable in Tchang-sun-chi, who came to the throne in A.D. 626 as wife of Tai-tsoung: and military greatness and heroism have more than once been seen in Indian women. In spite of these facts, the *civitas*, as the main concern of women, forms an idea which cannot be said ever to have occurred to any Eastern people, in the sense in which it has certainly emerged during the last hundred years amongst those nations which inherit from Imperial Rome.

In the West to-day there are large classes of unmarried women, both professional and leisured, amongst whom the interests of the civic life has definitely replaced that of the domestic life. The

East, meanwhile, continues to regard the Family as woman's proper and characteristic sphere. The family as the social unit determines its conception of the whole of society. Community of blood and origin, knitting the kinship into one, becomes all-important to it, as the bond of unity. The whole tends to be conceived of in Eastern countries, as the social area within which marriages can take place. That combination of conceptions of race and class which thus comes into prominence, constitutes *caste*, rising in its multiplicity into the *ecclesia* or *Samaj*. Throughout the art of Eastern peoples we can see how important and easily discriminated by them, is the difference between mean and noble race. The same fact comes out, even in their scientific interests, where questions of ethnology have always tended to supplant history proper. And in geography their attention naturally gravitates towards the human rather than the economic aspects of its problems. As a compensating factor to the notion of birth, the East has also the more truly civic idea of the village community, a natural norm for the thought of nationality. But left to themselves, undisturbed by the political necessities engendered by foreign contacts, Oriental communities would probably have continued, in the future, as in the past, to develop the idea of a larger unity, along the lines of family, caste, *samaj*, and race, the

culmination being the great *nexus* of classes, sects, and kinships bound together by associations of faith and custom for the maintenance of universal purity of pedigree. The West, on the other hand, though not incapable of evolving the worship of blood and class, tends naturally to the exaltation of place and country as the motive of cohesion, and thus gives birth to the conception of nationality, as opposed to that of race.

Racial unity tends to modification, in the special case of the Mussalman peoples, by their dependence on a simple religious idea, acting on an original tribal nucleus, as their sole and sufficient bond of commonality. Islam encourages the intermarriage of all Mussalmans, whatever their racial origin. But it would be easy to show that this fact is not really the exception it might at first appear. The race has here, in an absolute sense, become the church, and that church is apostolic and proselytising. Thus the unit is constantly growing by accretion. It remains fundamentally a racial unit, nevertheless, though nearer than others to the national type. In the case of Chinese civilisation, again, the race-idea would seem to be modifiable by Confucian ethics, with their marvellous common-sense and regard for the public good, creating as these do, a natural tendency towards patriotism and national cohesion. Yet it is seen in the importance of ancestor-worship as the

family-bond. The sacrament of marriage consists in the beautiful ceremony of bringing the bride to join her husband, in the offering of divine honours to his forefathers.

Amongst Hindus the same motive is evidenced in the notion that it is the duty of all to raise up at least one son to offer ceremonies of commemoration to the ancestors. The forefathers of an extinct family go sorrowful and may be famine-stricken in the other world. In my own opinion, this is only an ancient way of impressing on the community the need for maintaining its numbers. This must have been an important consideration to thoughtful minds amongst early civilised peoples, faced as they were by the greater numbers of those whose customs were more primitive. Only when a man's place in his community was taken by a son, could he be free to follow the whims of an individual career.

THE FAMILY IN ISLAM

The family is, in all countries and all ages, the natural sphere for the working-out of the ethical struggle, with its results in personal development. The happiness of families everywhere depends, not on the subordination of this member or that, but on the mutual self-adjustment of all. In the large households and undivided families of Eastern countries this

necessity is self-evident. The very possibility of such organisation depended in the first place on the due regimentation of rank and duties. Here we come upon that phenomenon of the subordination of woman, whose expression is apt to cause so much irritation to the ardent feminists of the present day. Yet for a permanent union of two elements, like husband and wife, it is surely essential that one or other should be granted the lead. For many reasons, this part falls to the man. It is only when the civic organisation has emerged, as the ideal of unity, that husband and wife, without hurt to their own union, can resolve themselves into great equal and rival powers, holding a common relation to it as separate individuals. The premier consideration of family decorum involves the theoretical acceptance, by man or woman, of first and second places respectively. In the patriarchal family—and the matriarchate is now exceptional and belated—the second place is always taken by woman; but the emphasis of this announcement is in proportion to the resistance offered to its first promulgation. That is to say, the law was formulated at the very birth of patriarchal institutions, when it sounded as if it were nothing more than a paradox. It is this fact, and not any desire to insult or humiliate women as such, that accounts for the strength of Eastern doctrines as to the pre-eminence of man. Semitic institutions, and especially the

characteristic polygamy of Mussalman peoples, are a testimony to this enthusiasm for fatherhood at the moment of the rise of the patriarchate. To a fully individualised and civilised womanhood, the position of wife in a polygamous family, might well seem intolerable. Such an anomaly is only really compatible with the passionate pursuit of renunciation as the rule of life, and with the thought of the son, rather than the husband, as the emotional refuge and support of woman. Polygamy, though held permissible in India and China, for the maintenance of the family, does not receive in either country that degree of sanction which appears to be accorded to it in Islam. It is at once the strength and the weakness of Islamic civilisation that it seems to realise itself almost entirely as a crystallisation of the patriarchal ideal, perhaps in contrast to the matriarchal races by whom early Semitic tribes were surrounded. In the spontaneous Islamic movement for progressive self-modification, which our time is witnessing under the name of *Babism*, or *Behai-ism* great stress is laid on the religious duty of educating and emancipating woman as an individual.

The Family in China

China, though seemingly less dependent on the supernatural for the sources of her idealism than

either India or Arabia, appears to have an intellectual passion for the general good. She appreciates every form of self-sacrifice, for the good of others, but is held back apparently, by her eminently rational and positive turn of mind, from those excess of the ideal which are to be met with in India. She judges of the most generous impulse in the light of its practical application. As an example, her clear conception of the importance of perfect union between a wedded couple, never seems to have led her to the practice of child-marriage. The age of twenty for women, and thirty for men, is by her considered perfect for marrying.[1] Nor has any inherent objection ever been formulated in China, to the education of women. On the contrary, the National Canon of Biography, ever since the last century B.C., has always devoted a large section to eminent women, their education and their literary productions. Many famous plays and poems have been written by women. And as a special case in point, it is interesting to note that one of the Dynastic Histories, left unfinished on the death of its author, was brought to a worthy conclusion by his accomplished sister.[2]

The fact that a woman shares the titles of her husband, and receives with him ancestral honours, points in the same direction, of respect and courtesy

[1] Martin.

[2] Prof. Giles, Lecturer at Columbia University.

to woman as an individual. We are accustomed to hear that filial piety is the central virtue of Chinese life, but it is essential that we should realise that this piety is paid to father *and mother*, not to either alone—witness in itself to the sweetness and solidarity of family-life. I have heard a translation of a long Chinese poem on the discovery of the *vina*, or Oriental violin, in which we see a maiden sigh over her weaving, and finally rise from the loom and don man's attire, in order to ride forth, in place of her aged father, to the wars in the far north. It is on her way to the seat of action, that she comes across the instrument which is the soul of song, and sends it back to her father and mother, that its music may tell how her own heart sighs for them day and night! All writers seem to agree in admitting that the devotion of children to parents here extolled is fully equalled by the love of Chinese parents of their children.

The essential part of the ceremonies of ancestral worship must be performed, in a Chinese family, by the sons. Woman may assist, it seems, but can never replace man, in this office. In the year 1033, the Dowager-Empress, in the office of Regent, as a protest against the exclusion of women, insisted on herself performing the state worship to the ancestors, rendered necessary by the advent of a comet. This bold innovation proved, 'however, merely exceptional.

Again, the rule that a child shall be born in its *father's* house is one of unbending rigour, in spite of the great liberality with which women are often allowed, after marriage, to revisit the paternal roof.[1] These facts mark the memory of an energetic transition from Matriarchate to Patriarchate, which has failed nevertheless to obliterate all traces of the earlier. Chinese society ascribes the end of the Matriarchate, that is to say, the institution of marriage, to the mythical emperor Fou-hi, some two and a half millenniums before the Christian era. In confirmation of the tradition, this Emperor himself is said to have been of virgin birth, that is to say, his mother was unwedded, a common characteristic of the ancient Chinese saints and heroes.[2] A similar persistence of the memory of the Matriarchate, is seen in Southern China, in the prevalence of the worship of goddesses, and notably of Kwan-Yin, Queen of Heaven. It should be said that throughout Asia, the worship of goddesses is vastly older than that of gods, and may be held one of the best means of studying the Matriarchate. The Chinese ideograph for clan-name is a compound of *woman* and *birth*, a distinct relic of the period when descent was reckoned through the mother. And finally, the persistance of matriarchal influence is seen, not only

[1] Dr. Arthur Smith, Village life in China.

[2] Giles.

in the frequent political importance of the Dowager-Empress, or Queen-Mother, but also in humbler ranks of society, by the vigilance which seems to be exercised by the woman's family, and even by her native or ancestral village, over the treatment accorded to her in marriage. According to Dr. Arthur Smith, it is this which is effective in staving off divorce as long as possible, and in punishing cruelty or desertion. Thus woman's kindred enjoy a remarkable unwritten power, as a sort of opposite contracting part in the treaty of marriage, and exercise a responsibility and care unexampled in Europe.

Nor is pure idealism altogether unrepresented in the life of Chinese women. This is seen in the tendency of girls to take the vow of virginity, in the respect felt for women who marry only once, and in the public honours accorded to such as, before sixty years of age, complete thirty years of faithful widowhood. Both Buddhism and Tao-ism include orders of nuns, amongst whom the Tao-ist communities are said at present to enjoy the greater social prestige. A regrettable feature of these ideals—which may play a part however in impelling Chinese society forward upon the exaltation of the civic life for women—is the fact that girls sometimes band themselves together, under a secret vow of suicide in common, if any of their number should be forced into marriage. Writers on the subject attribute this

reverence for the idea of virginity to the percolation of Indian thought, into China, and such may possible be its origin. But it is easy to understand that it might have arisen spontaneously, from those high conceptions of womanly honour that are inseparable from the stability of patriarchal institutions, joined to that historic commemoration of the heroic women of the matriarchate which has already been mentioned.

The Family in India

In India, as in China, the perpetuation of the family is regarded as the paramount duty of the individual to the commonwealth. There is a like desire for male posterity, made universal by a similar rule that only a son can offer the sacraments of the dead to the spirits of his forefathers. But the practice of adoption is very frequent, and the intervention of a priestly class, in the form of domestic chaplains, makes this element somewhat less central to the Hindu system than to the Chinese, amongst whom the father is also the celebrant.

As throughout Asia, the family is undivided, and in the vast households of this type, domestic matters are entirely in the governance of women. Servants are few in the inner or women's apartments, and even women of rank and wealth give more time, and

contribute more personal energy, to the tasks of cooking, nursing, and cleansing, than we should think appropriate. Child-marriage, which, though decreasing, is till more or less the representative custom, renders the initial relations of the young bride to her husband's people, somewhat like those of a Western girl to her first boarding-school. But it is not to be forgotten that the women shares in the rank and titles of her husband, hence the path of her promotion to positions of honour and priority, is clearly marked out from the biginning. The advent of motherhood gives her an access of power, and this recognition culminates in the fact that in the absence of sons she is her husband's heir, and always the guardian of her children during their minority. As a widow, she has also the very important right of adoption. Personal property of a mother goes to her daughters.

Anything more beautiful than the life of the Indian home, as created and directed by Indian women, it would be difficult to conceive. But if there is one relation, or one position, on which above all others the idealising energy of the people spends itself, it is that of the wife. Here, according to Hindu ideas, is the very pivot of society and poetry. Marriage, in Hinduism, is a sacrament, and indissoluble. The notion of divorce is as impossible, as the remarriage of the widow is abhorrent. Even in

Orthodox Hinduism, this last has been made legally possible, by the life and labours of the late Pundit Iswar Chunder Vidyasagar, an old Brahminical scholar, who was one of the stoutest champions of individual freedom, as he conceived of it, that the world ever saw. But the common sentiment of the people remains as it was, unaffected by the changed legal status of the widow. The one point that does undoubtedly make for a greater frequency of widow-remarriages, is the growing desire of young men for wives whose age promises maturity and companionship. A very pathetic advertisement lately, in one of the Calcutta dailies, set forth such a need on the part of a man of birth and position, and added, "Not one farthing of dower will be required!" Probably this one social force alone will do more than any other to postpone the age of marriage, and ensure the worthy education of woman. It is part of the fact that Hinduism sees behind the individual the family, and behind the family society, that there is no excuse made for the sin of abandoning the husband, and deserting the burdens and responsibilities of wifehood. If one does this, the East never plays with the idea that she may have fled from the intolerable, but gravely makes her responsible for all the ensuing social confusion. There was indeed a movement of religious revivalism in the fifteenth century—a sort of Hindu Methodism—which asserted

the right of woman as equal to that of man, to a life of religious celibacy. But ordinarily, any desertion of the family would be held to be unfaithfulness to it. And all the dreams of the Indian people centre in the thought of heroic purity and faith in wifehood.

There is a half-magical element in this attitude of Hindus towards women. As performers of ritual worship they are regarded as second only to the professional Brahmin himself. I have even seen a temple served by a woman, during the temporary illness of her son, who was the priest! Our prejudice, in favour of the exclusive sacramental efficacy of man, instinctive as it may seem to us, is probably due to Semitic influences. Even Rome had the Vestal Virgins! In the non-Brahminical community of Coorg, the whole ceremony of marriage is performed by women, and even amongst brahmins themselves, the country over, an important part of the wedding rites is in their hands. A woman's blessing is everywhere considered more efficacious than a man's in preparing for a journey, or beginning an undertaking. Women are constituted spiritual directors, and receive the revenues and perform the duties, of a domestic chaplaincy, during the incumbent's minority, without the matter even exciting comment. A little boy is taught that whatever he may do to his brothers to strike his sister would be sacrilege. A man is expected to love his mother

above any other created being. And the happiness of women is supposed to bring fortune in its train. The woman-ruler finds a sentiment of awe and admiration waiting for her, which gives her an immense advantage over a man, in the competition for enduring fame. These facts are of course partly due to the intense piety and self-effacement of the lives led by women at large; but still more to the dim memory of a time when they were the matriarchs and protectors of the world. There is no free mixing of the sexes outside the family, in any one of the three great Asiatic societies—Chinese, Indian, or Islamic. But the degree of women's cloistered seclusion varies considerably in different parts, being least in those provinces of India where the communal institutions of primitive society have been least interfered with by contact with Muhammadanism, and at its strictest, probably, amongst the Mussalman peoples.

THE ECONOMIC STANDING OF WOMAN IN THE EAST

Even a cursory study of the position of women is compelled to include some mention of her economic standing. In societies where the family furnishes her main career, she is generally of necessity in a position of dependence, either on father or husband.

Amongst Hindus, this is mitigated by a *dot*, consisting of jewels, given at marriage and after. This property, once given, becomes the woman's own, not to be touched even by her husband, and in case of widowhood, if there is no other fund, she is supposed to be able to sell it and live on the interest. Amongst Muhammadans, a dower is named, and deeds of settlement executed by the husband at marriage. It is said that every Mussalman cabman in Calcutta has undertaken to provide for his wife a dower of thousands of rupees. To pay this is obviously impossible, yet the institution is not meaningless. In case he wishes for divorce a man can be compelled to pay to the uttermost, and God Himself, it is said, will ask on the Day of Judgment where is the amount that he left in default. It is easy to see how this is calculated to protect the wife. The custom gives point also to the beautiful story of Fatima: daughter of Mohammed and wife of Ali, who was asked, by her father what dower she would wish named, and answered, "The salvation of every Mussalman!" Leaving her own future thus unprotected in the risks of marriage, God Himself would not be able to refuse her dower on the day of Judgment.

I have not been able to discover what provision is made by the Chinese, for a woman, in case of a long and lonely widowhood. Doubtless, in China as in India, the most substantial part of her provision lies

in the solidarity of the family as a whole. If her husband's relatives cannot support her, a woman falls back upon her own father or brothers. As long as either family exists, and is able to support her, she has an acknowledged place. If she has sons, both she and they must remain with the husband's people.

The whole East understands the need of a woman's having pin-money. In China, it is said, the proceeds of cotton-picking, and no doubt also what comes of the care of silk-worms; in India, such matters as the sale of milk, cattle and fruit; and among Muhammadans, eggs, chickens, and goat's milk, are all the perquisites of the mistress of the household. Like the French, the Eastern woman is often of an excessive thrift, and her power of saving, by the accumulation of small sums, is remarkable. That the women require, in the interests of the home itself, to have a store of their own, probably every man would admit. Of course where the circumstances of the family are of a grinding poverty, this cannot be.

It must be understood that the present age, in the East even more than amongst ourselves, is one of economic transition. Fifty years ago there, as a hundred and fifty years ago amongst ourselves, the main occupation of all women, and especially of those of gentle birth, was spinning. I have met many a man of high education whose childhood was passed in dependence on the secret earnings of, say, a

grandmother. Such a possibility no longer exists, and perhaps one of the saddest consequences, East and West, is the amount of unfruitful leisure that has taken its place. Instead of the old spinning and its kindred arts, Western woman, as we all know—owing to the growth of luxury and loss of efficiency—has become still more dependent on her husband than she was. The main economic advance of woman among ourselves, lies in the striking—out of new professions and careers by unmarried woman. This is not yet a factor of great importance in the East. In India, we have a few women doctors and writers; and a growing perception of the need of modern education, is raising up a class of teachers, who are training themselves to assist in the spread of instruction amongst woman. Besides this, in a lower social class, the old household industries are giving place to the factory-organisation, and in many places woman is becoming a wage-earner. This change is, of course, accompanied by great economic instability, and by the pinch of poverty in all directions. It is one of the many phases of that substitution of civilisations which is now proceeding. This substitution is a terrible process to watch. It is full of suffering and penalties. Yet the East cannot be saved from it. All that service can attempt, is to secure that institutions shall not be transplanted without the ideals to which they stand related.

Accepting these, it is possible that Eastern peoples may themselves be able to purify and redeem the new, transforming it to the long-known uses of their own evolution.

Incipient Developments

India, it should be understood, is the headwater of Asiatic thought and idealism. In other countries we may meet with applications, there we find the idea itself. In India, the sanctity and sweetness of family-life have been raised to the rank of a great culture. Wifehood is a religion; motherhood a dream of perfection; and the pride and protectiveness of a man are developed to a very high degree. The Ramayana—epic of the Indian home—boldly lays down the doctrine that a man, like a woman, should marry but once. "We are born once," said an Indian woman to me, with great haughtiness, "we die once, and likewise we are married once!" Whatever new developments may now lie before the womanhood of the East, it is ours to hope that will constitute only a pouring of the molten metal of her old faithfulness and consecration, into the new moulds of a wider knowledge and extended social formation.

Turning to the West, it would appear that the modern age has not unsealed any new springs of

moral force for woman, in the direction of the family, though by initiating her, as woman, into the wider publicity and influence of the civic area, it has enormously increased the social importance of her continuing to drink undisturbed at the older sources of her character. The modern organisation, on the other hand, by bringing home to her stored and garnered maternal instinct, the spectacle of the wider sorrows and imperfections of the civic development, has undoubtedly opened to her a new world of responsibility and individuation. The woman of the East is already embarked on a course of self-transformation which can only end by endowing her with a full measure of civic and intellectual personality. Is it too much to hope that as she has been content to quaff from our wells, in this matter of the extension of the personal scope, so we might be glad to refresh ourselves at hers, and gain therefrom a renewed sense of the sanctity of the family, and particularly of the inviolability of marriage !—*Paper submitted to the First Universal Races Congress.*

LAMBS AMONG WOLVES

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA

"Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."
"Carry neither purse, nor scrip nor shoes."
"Salute no man by the way."
"Eating and drinking such things as *they give*."
"Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purposes, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves."— *Early Christian Mission Charges.*

I

THE line that says "The soul of Shakespeare could not love thee more," goes to the root of the matter. Another critic of human life so completely competent as William Shakespeare, has probably never been. And his tool, the instrument of his peculiar genius, was surely an abundant kindliness, such as we call love, which enabled him to put himself behind each man's nature, so as to swim with

the current of his life and not against it. Which of us would not have dismissed Hamlet in actual life contemptuously as a week-kneed dreamer? Which of us would have distinguished between Othello and a vulgar murderer? But once handled by the vast reverence of the master, the shallowest dare not commit himself to such superficiality. It would seem as if the genius of the great dramatist has lain even more in his gifts of heart than in those of mind.

To read the life and effort of foreign peoples truly, we stand in overwhelming need of this Shakespearian nature. It is an accident of empire that the England which produced Shakespeare should require such persons more than any other country. It is fast thinking that our great bard, who so nobly interpreted the sorrows and the indignation of the Jew, could have failed with his gentle vision to pierce the mask of the Chinaman, the Hindoo, the African or the red Indian, and to set them before us, clothed with universal humanity, men like ourselves, each less large than we in some points, but in others infinitely nobler.

No gift receives the homage of the East like the power of seeing transcendent oneness, where the senses tell only of diversity. The man who can do this in any great degree is called a *rishi*, or soul of perfected insight. Such perfected insight it was that distinguished Shakespeare. He had the gifts to

have been, had he lived in the wider opportunity of to-day, the *rishi* of humanity, even as in our eyes he already is of human nature. For to him custom and circumstance and manner of thought were no more than a vast web through which the essential manhood of all men displayed itself in differing garb.

All important eras have left behind them their own poetry. The wandering bards of the early order produced the great race epics. The mediæval Church sang itself through the lips of Dante. With the dawn of the age of adventure Shakespeare sprang to birth. The period of which a century has gone by is as great in its own way as any of these. It sees life made universal. Never was human power so high, never was the scope of the individual so extensive. Is there then no prophecy appropriate to such an hour? Where are the wandering minstrels, where the Shakespearian sympathy, for the stirring self-utterance of our time?

If it be the destiny of England to contribute anything towards such a work, and if, perchance, one verse of her world-poem be already written, we shall find it, I believe, in a book scarcely yet a three years old, Fielding's *Soul of a people.* In the appearance of one such study more glory has been shed on our country than by unnumbered successes of the military and commercial kind. Humanity needs

hundreds of minds like that of the writer in question, and it needs them of all races, for the children of each nationality can see and express things that are hidden from the wise and prudent of all others. Unembittered disinterested witnesses to the facts of things are wanted—and something also of revelation must be added. Something of the function of the poet who sees through and beyond the deed to its goal, through the idea to the ideal. It is only the first step in science to have noted correctly the line of hairs on the chickweed stem, or the spots of colour in the orchis. There must have been a need or a danger to be met by one as by the other. And when this is understood it still remains to demonstrate their place in the drama of life as a whole.

What is true of flowers and beasts is not less true of man. Every one, however unlearned, has a right to demand three things in the traveller's story: (1) accurate statement of fact; (2) careful elucidation of the meaning of fact; and (3) some attempt to perceive the law to which the fact and its intention stand related. The demand will be answered, of course, with widely varying degrees of ability, but it ought to be impossible to receive credit for an account that ignores any one of these factors.

The study that leads up to such work is by no means easy. Alone, amongst people of alien birth

and culture—until we come to a glowing personal enthusiasm for them at least—very little things will wound us in proportion to our sensitiveness. Not only must we be able to forget this feeling, but we must find out the positive meaning of omission or commission. Society the world over hangs together in virtue of the good fellowship and unselfishness of its members, not through their antagonism and mutual indifference. Virtue exactly represents, on the moral plane, the force of cohesion on the physical. To say, therefore that to any people gratitude or honesty or modesty is unknown, is simply to state an absurdity and prove ourself an incompetent witness. What is perfectly credible is that their way of expressing these instincts is unlike ours and follows a divergent line of intention. A trifling illustration occurs to me. As Indian languages contain no words for "please" or "thanks" it is very commonly held by English people that the courtesy of gratitude for little things has no places in Indian life, and I had felt, as others do, the irritation of apparent negligence on such points, I learned my lesson, however, one day when a Hindu friend undertook to do something for me that involved a sacrifice and I offered him warm thanks. I can never forget how startling was their effect. "You gave something back" he said, evidently deeply pained as he left the room. To-day, if any Hindu

said "please" or "thanks" to me, I should share the sensations of a mother whose children presented their compliments to her. The instance is small, but it represents hundreds of cases in which a little patience and faith in human nature would add unspeakably to our own wealth of expression and sympathy. This truth becomes important on a large scale. It is obviously absurd to constitute ones own national customs an ideal standard, against which every other country is to be measured. Hindu and Muhammadan women are not seen much in public, either shopping or visiting; we are, we enjoy our custom, and call it freedom. Does it follow that the Eastern woman's restrictions constitute a grievance? Would it not be wise, in attempting to demonstrate this, to share as completely as possible the physical and emotional environment which have conditioned her habit? It is conceivable that having done this we should conclude that even in the climate of India or Persia—more muscular activity and greater social liberty would be of benefit to women; but unless our judgment were fatally warped by prejudice we should at the same time reach the counter conviction that a corresponding power of stillness and meditative peace would be a vast gain in the West.

But the argument supposes that our wandering minstrels have grown critical and did actio. Alas

we are forced to the supposition for most of them now make pilgrimage from realm to realm with no notion of turning their harp—and singing sweet songs in some strange lord's hall, thence to return, like St. Francis from the Soldan, with tales of fair welcome and hospitality, or with new songs in praise of the courtesy and large charity of the gentle heathen peoples. This is the tone indeed of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, but this curious and unaccountable child of genius is not of the guild of the singers. Her stories are true instances of the spirit of minstrelsy sounding the note of a nature that loves because it must, and sings out of very gladness of the beauty of others. But Mrs. Steel is a strong poet from another time and class. To-day's bards have done as fathers did before them, turned missionary, and are devoting their best energies to forcing round pegs into square holes destroying in the process poetry and mythology and folk custom as well as rare and beautiful virtues that they are too ignorant to appreciate. The same thing happened long ago, when emissaries from Rome trampled out Irish culture lest it should make against the Faith. It happened again in the past century when the Scottish Highlands were rendered barren of the folk tales by the efforts of the Kirk—now far too enlightened to countenance its own vandalism; but the wild growths can never be replanted! It never

happened so completely in Scandinavia and in this fact probably lies the secret of the national vigour of Norway.

For there can be no doubt that when all that ought to represent Art and refined pleasure and growth of imagination in a community turns puritan, yoking itself to the car of a single idea, and that foreign, the result is simply loss of culture, of course, the May Day Festival has fled before the face of steam factories and streets at right angles, and the Board School Inspector! But the people whom it has left are *less*, not more well educated by that fact. Lists of European capitals and their sites will never make up to them for live of Nature, and joy in beauty, and eye for form and colour.

Not long ago, an acute critic, comparing visits to England thirty years ago and now, remarked on the number of types common then that have since disappeared. We should look in vain now for a Mr. Pickwick or a Mrs. Poyser. We have organised the national character till it is as an monotonous as its proto-types, the yard of calico and the daily paper. Those add, whimsical, lovable persons of a generation ago, rich in unexpectedness full of human nature, with surprising mental areas of illumination every now and then are gone. They belonged to a time when every man was closer to life, and to the smell of ploughed fields, than he is to-day: they

could no more have reached their individuation in cities than could May Day or Midsummer's Night, or All Hallow's Elen. Are we glad or sorry for such a happening? shall we hasten to encourage the repetition of the process elsewhere?

II

Surely, if missionaries realised, even in a general way, the "lie" of such social phenomena, they would make fewer mistakes in their dealings with their client and we should hear less of the so-called criticism which at the present disgraces the English language.

A Hindu father told me how he had allowed his little daughter to attend a school kept by two English women. At the end of eight or nine months he was examining the child as to her progress in reading, and found to his horror that she had acquired the use of a large number of impossible epithets which she employed freely in connection with the names of Rama and Krishna, two epic heroes who are regarded by most Hindus as Incarnations of the Divine Being in the same sense as Buddha or Christ. The man removed his child at once, and most of us will feel that the sense of loathing and distrust with which he henceforth regarded his English friends was richly deserved. For whatever may be thought

of the worship of Rama and Krishna as divine personages—and our estimates of this practice will be as various as our own creeds—we must at least recognise them as the national ideals, guardians of those assimilated treasures of aspiration and imagination that we call civilisation and morals. It is quite evident that were this function of the legendary heroes recognised, even a missionary would take the trouble to think out some theory of them as great men, which, like the unitarian views of the Founder of Christianity, would leave much that they represent intact, and continue their service to social cohesion and amelioration. It is possible that in the particular case in question the fault did not lie with the English women in charge of the school, but with some low class Christian servant or Eurasian student. But if this were so, it is all the more clear that Christianity in India does not stand for social integration but rather the reverse. For it is one of the functions of religious sects to put their followers in touch with the great formative forces of life about them. Whatever its faults may be, the Salvation Army does this, amongst ourselves. The virtues which it applauds may be elementary—sobriety, honesty ; cheerfulness for instance—but they are virtues which we all recognise as such. The men and women to whom it introduces its recruits may be crude sometimes of type lacking many of the graces of the drawing-room but

they are good and earnest, however limited in range and ideal and they make steadily for strong and hearty citizenship. On a very different plane, Comtism fulfils a similar function. It binds its members into great cosmopolitan and cosmoœval groups substituting world and race for the sect and party of a lower definition but taking just their method of emphasising accepted virtues—the high intellectual passion for Truth, and the widest reaches of human sympathy, this time—and following them up to the characters and ideals in which they all converge.

The sect that fails to do this, the religion that tells a man that all he has hitherto held to be right is really wrong, is bound to do social mischief, incalculable social mischief, since the learner is almost certain to infer that in like manner what he has hitherto held to be wrong is right. No wonder then that Christianity in India carries drunkenness in its wake, and that so many of those who can afford to choose will have any rather than a Christian servant.

India has had her own great religious and social reformers, had them repeatedly, continuously, abundantly. She has known no abuses which they have not laboured to remove. Ram Mohun Roy in the nineteenth century did not combat Sati more *zealously* than Nanak in the fourteenth, Mr. Benjamin Waugh amongst ourselves is no more eager a foe of infanticide than was the same teacher. Our Socialist

friends do not work so unsparingly for equality as did Chaitanya of Nuddea in Bengal. And these men were no futile dreamers. Nanak founded the Sikh nation, and is a strong influence to this day. Chitanya did more to Hinduise non-Aryan castes than any other single man that ever lived. Do the Christian missionaries wish to take a place in line with these in the national development? If so, while they stand for whatever regilious ideas please them, let them relate themselves organically to the life and effort of India. Let them love the country as if they had been born in it, with no other difference than the added nobility that a yearning desire to serve and to save might give. Let them become loving interpreters of her thought and custom, revealers of her own ideals to herself even while they make them understood by others. When a man has the insight to find and to follow the hidden lines of race-intention for himself, others are bound to become his disciples, for they recognise in his teachings their own highest aspirations and he may call the goal to which he leads them by any name he chooses, they will not cavil about words. Indeed from such a standpoint, India is already Christian perhaps: but, her resistance to western propaganda, varied by her absolute indifference to it, is infinitely to her credit.

It is strange to see those very disciples who were so solemnly warned when first sent out against

taking money in their purse, or two coats a piece it is strange to see those not only enjoying all the comforts of refined European life themselves, but hating and despising the people about them for their greater simplicity and primitiveness. It is the more extraordinary since their Master, if he were to reappear at their doors with all the habits and ideas of His Syrin birth about Him, would inevitably receive a warmer welcome, and feel more at home with their Indian neighbours than with themselves. What was He but a religious beggar, such as we see on the Indian roadsides every day? How was He provided for? By subscriptions and endowments? Did He not rather wander from hamlet to hamlet, taking His chance at nightfall of the cottager's hospitality, or the shelter of some humble building? What had He to do with the comforts of existence? His were the long nights of prayer and meditation on the mountains and in the garden. We send our religious teachers to the East to spend days and nights of worldly ease and comfort in the midst of a people who actually do these things, and they have not the wit to recognise the fact, much less the devotion to emulate it.

Nothing could be more significant of all this than the criticisms that we hear poured out at every missionary meeting. Have we ever seen greatness of any kind that was not associated with the power of

recognising one's own kinship with all? What made Charles Darwin? The eye to see and the heart to respond to the great sweep of one infinite tide through all that lives, including himself. What made Newton? The grasp of mind that could hold the earth itself as a mere speck of cosmic dust in the play of the forces that govern us. Even the warrior, whose whole business seems to be antagonism and separation, becomes distinguished on condition only of his sense of union with his followers. And the saint or the poet never yet was to whom all was not human and all more beautiful than myself. To such men condemnation is not easy, slander is impossible. An orgy of sensation provoked by libel, be it of individuals or of nations, whether at afternoon tea or from a church pulpit, would seem to them unspeakable vulgarity. They could not breathe in such an atmosphere. Yet something of the saint, something of the poet, we might surely hope to find in those whose lives are given to spread a message of glad tidings in far-off lands. And surely there has been the sainthood of a good intention. Has there been that of a noble execution?

If there has, why have emissaries so rarely, on their return, a good word to say for those amongst whom they have been? Why, to take explicit instances, do we never hear from them of the strength

and virtues of Indian women? Why only of their faults and failures?

Why have the missionaries created and left in tact, wherever people were ignorant enough to be imposed upon, the picture of the crocodile luncheon of babies served up by their mothers, along the Ganges banks? Everywhere I have met people who believed this story, and I have never heard of a professed apostle of truth who tried to set the impression right. Infanticide occurs in India, under pressure of poverty and responsibility, as it occurs in all countries; but it is not *practised* there any more than here, nor is it lauded as a religious act; nor is it perhaps anything like so common as amongst ourselves. There is no custom of insuring a baby's life for £5, when the funeral expenses are only £2, nor is there any infant mortality ascribable to the intemperance of mothers in that country. Why have we never heard from the missionaries of the beauty of Hindu home life, of the marvellous ideals which inspire the Indian woman, of the Indian customs teeming with poetry and sweetness?

Is the answer to be found in the preconceived idea which blinds the would-be observer, or is it the intellectual ignorance which keeps him unaware that there is anything to be observed? Or is it possibly a meaner motive still, the idea that if a true and lofty tone is taken, money will not be

forthcoming to support his own career? I have had the privilege of listening to the accounts of three classes of persons who were supposed to be warm religious friends of the Indian people; educational missionaries, lady doctors, and modern occultists. Their statements were sincere and deliberate expositions of the outlook they had been enabled to take on Hindu life. I listened in vain for one strong word of appreciation for the problems which Indian society has undoubtedly solved, or a single hint that they understood the positive ends for which that country was making. But in every case the conviction seemed to be, that the dignity and hope of the speaker's own gospel depended absolutely upon showing the hollowness and rottenness of other form of life. The last mentioned exposition was easily disposed of. It was confined to a discussion of *sattee*, infanticide, and thuggism as the most representative factors of Indian experience which could be discovered; touched upon also the worst sides of caste, and propounded the theory that England's responsibility to the East would be fulfilled when she had persuaded Oriental people to "give up their ridiculous old habits" and take to ways which occultists would consider more rational. From lady doctors we hear of the medical and surgical darkness of the Indian village—greater, if they are right, than that of parallel populations in England fifty years ago. One

of the most offensive customs, to their minds, is that of the isolation of a woman at the moment of childbirth. Now, whatever this custom shows—and it is not perhaps universally applied with the full consciousness of the reason that prompted it originally—it does certainly indicate a very elevated state of medical culture at some past epoch in Hindu history. The room in which birth takes place must afterwards be broken up and taken away. Hence a simple mud-hut is built outside the house. When once the child is born, for some days the mother may not be visited by any member of the household. She is attended only by an old nurse and whatever medical advice may be called.

Is this treatment then so very inhumane? Yet it is exactly what we blame the Hindu people for not adopting in cases of plague and other infectious diseases. It is, of course, easy to imagine that rules of such a nature may often be badly, even stupidly, applied; but there can be no doubt that they demonstrate very clear and distinct ideas of bacteriology at their inception. All through the caste rules, and regulations for bathing, run similar scientific conceptions which astonish competent observers by their hygienic desirability. It is, of course, a pity that medical science everywhere is not up to the twentieth century London level; but in this respect India is not more degraded than England, Scotland and

Ireland themselves. There is no country district, far from railways, strong in old traditions, and containing persons who have not had the inestimable benefits of Board School instruction, where, at the same time, doctoring is not done that the city hospitals and the London physician would refuse to countenance. But this fact is a phenomenon of ignorance (or good sense, as the case may be): it is not due to the wrong and vile nature of the Christian religion. It rouses sometimes our regret, occasionally our admiration, but never with any justice our contempt or hatred. One of the evils of our present organisation of skill is the complete inability induced by it to appreciate the value of tradition and mother wit. It is easy to point out flaws in Indian village medicine, midwifery, and what not; but how do we account for the great dignity and suppleness of the general physical development, and for the marvellous freedom of the race from skin blemish of any kind? This, too, in a country where the germ fauna is at least as dangerous as that other fauna of the jungle which includes the tiger and the cobra. In urging these points I am not denying that modern science can aid, but only that it has no right to despise village lore.

Every system, of course, mistrusts every other. This is the superstition of party. To this fact I trace the phenomenon, detailed by the medical missionary

sometimes, of men of sufficient means saying, "If you can cure her for 20s. (probably ten rupees) you may do so"—alluding to a wife or some other women-member of the speaker's household. The Christian charity of the lady doctor rushes immediately to the conclusion that his wife's or mother's health is a matter of complete indifference to her client. *Ergo*, that most Hindu men are similarly careless. *Ergo*, the Hindu men hate and despise Hindu women.

Supposing the anecdote to be the true, and I raise this doubt advisedly, could reasoning be more absurd? It does not occur to the physican that her knowledge or honesty may be viewed with suspicion as against old and tried methods of treatment in which everyone has confidence.

It is impossible to deal at length with other and more wide reaching charges. Caste, in missionary eyes is an unmitigated abuse. They confine themselves to an account of its negations and prohibitions, ignoring all its element of the trades guild and race protection type. And they say all this while every moment of their lives in India has been a ratification of that new caste, of race prestige which is one of the most striking phenomena of an imperialistic age. But if I were a Hindu I do not think that missionary criticisms of caste would disturb me much. I should realise that this was the form which the life of my people had assumed, that in it was comprised

all that the word honour connotes in Europe; and that the critics in question has given no sign as yet of understanding either their own society or mine intelligently. The point that I should find seriously annoying would be their animadversions on the position of women in India. To prove that these can be very galling I need only say that in one speech to which I listened I heard the following thirteen statements made and supported: (1) That the Hindu social system makes a pretence of honouring women, but that this honour is more apparent than real; (2) That women, in India are deliberately kept in ignorance; (3) That women in India have no place assigned to them in heaven save through their husbands; (4) That no sacramental rite is performed over them with Vedic texts; (5) That certain absurd old misogynist verses, comparable to the warnings against "the strange women" in the Book of Proverbs, and representative of the attitude of Hindu men to their women folk in general; (6) That a girl at birth gets a sorry welcome; (7) That a mother's anxiety to bear sons is appaling, "her very wifehood depends on her doing so; (8) That the infanticide of girls is a common practice in India; (9) That the Kulin Brahman marriage system is a representative fact; (10) That the parents unable to marry off their daughters are in the habit of marrying them to a god (making them prostitutes)

as an alternative ("The degradation of the whole race of Hindu women lies in the very possibility for any one of them of the life which a temple girl must live"); (11) That Hindu wedding ceremonies are unspeakably gross; (12) That the Hindu widow lives a life of such misery and insult that burning to death may well have seemed, preferable; (13) That the Hindu widow is almost always immoral. To which in like manner the following replies may be made:

(1) That the observer must have been incompetent indeed. There are few great relationships in human life like that between a Hindu man and his mother. Hindus cannot even excuse Hamlet for reproaching Gertrude. "But she was his *mother* they exclaim, when all is said. And this little fact is very significant.

(2) That the incompetence of the observer is evident once more. It is clear that illiteracy is the form of ignorance referred to. It is not true that women are deliberately kept so; but if they were, is their knowledge of house-keeping and cooking of no value? Is their trained common sense worthless? Can a woman even be called illiterate when it is merely true that she cannot read and write, though at the same time she is saturated with the literary culture of the great Epics and Puranas? It is interesting to note that the best-managed estates in Bengal, are in the hands of widows. Lawyers invariably respect

their opinions Ahalya Bhai Rani was an instance of the same kind in the Maharatta country.

(3) What this means I have been unable to find out. If it had been said that the husband had no place save through his wife it would have been more intelligible. For the Vedic views made the man a responsible member of the religious community only after marriage and as long as both lived.

The whole motive of *Sattee*, moreover, was that the wife's sacrifice might ensure heaven to the husband. Was the speaker perhaps thinking of Muhammadans? Even on their behalf I would repudiate the statement.

This appears to be simply untrue. Some of the greatest teachers mentioned in the Hindu Scriptures are women. And it is now many hundreds of years since the *Bhagavad-Gita* was composed for the sake of bringing recondite truths to the knowledge of even unlearned persons, including women and the working classes.

(5) The speaker does not mention that every Hindu husband names his wife " my Lukshmi " or " Fortuna".

(6) This may be true in some cases, as it is in England, and in all patriarchal societies. I know numbers of families in which the opposite is true, and such an attitude is unthought of, as we expect to be here.

(7) Generally speaking a Hindu woman's wifehood no more depends on her bearing sons than an English woman's. The need of a son can always be met in India by adoption.

(8) Infanticide of girls did occur commonly at a given period amongst certain Rajputs, and amongst these only. It is in no sense a common Indian practice, any more, if as much, as it is a common London pactice.

(9) Another instance of the same kind. Kulin Brahmans are a particularly high caste. If a marriage cannot be made for a daughter of this caste, her father may give her to any man of sufficient rank—and the marriage may be merely nominal, or may extend to making her once a mother. This is an abuse of caste. It concerns a very small number, however, and began to die the instant the modern organisation of information drew the attention of society to it. A leading orthodox Hindu, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, led the crusade against it. I should like to add that the custom is not, to my thinking, an abuse of the worst type—such as the desire of parents to make eligible matches for their daughters may lead to in all countries—since it is quite compatible with the physical vigour of the bride, and with her efficient discharge of whatever duties of motherhood may fall to her share.

(10) The expression "marriage to a god" is nowhere in use in Northern India. The statement bears its regional birth mark on its brow. It is in Southern and perhaps Western in application. We touch here on a new class of social phenomena—Indian prostitution customs. To say that it occurs to the respectable Hindu father to make his daughter a prostitute because he cannot find a husband for her, more easily than the same idea would present itself to an English gentleman, is utterly untrue. It is absurd on the face of it. The whole of caste is born of the passionate depth of the contrary sentiment. The chastity of women is the central virtue of Hindu life. "The degradation of the whole race of Hindu women lies in the very possibility for any one of them of the life which a temple girl must live." This is no more true of Hindu women than a corresponding statement would be of English women. There is a sense in which the pitfalls of life yawn before the most favoured feet. But it is a limited sense. If a Hindu woman once leaves her home unattended, without the knowledge and consent of her mother-in-law or her husband she may be refused re-entrance for ever. But this is a witness to the severity of the moral code, not to its laxity.

(11) "That Hindu wedding ceremonies are unspeakably gross. They are not so, amongst people who are not gross. Like the Church of England

Form for the Solemnisation of Matrimony, they may sound a note in the music of life more serious and responsible than is to the taste of an afternoon tea-party. Colebrook's "Essays" give all the details and translations which will enable the student to compare the two rites. All that I can say is that I have been present at many Hindu weddings, and have been deeply touched by the beauty and delicacy of all the proceedings. There is a good deal of nonsense and teasing of the young bridegroom in the women's apartments. Not unlike such half-obsolete festivals as All Fools' and Saint Valentine's Days. On this occasion the youth makes friends with his future sisters-in-law. The fun is a little more exuberant than grave elders may enjoy, but it is one of the few opportunities of the kind which Hindu breeding permits to boys and girls. It requires vulgarity of mind to read more serious offences into it.

(12) As to the misery of Indian widows, it is not too much to say that every statement yet made by a Protestant missionary has been made in complete ignorance of the bearing of the facts. Hindus are a people amongst whom the monastic ideal is intensely living. In their eyes the widow, by the fact of her widowhood, is vowed to celibacy and therefore to poverty, austerity, and prayer. Hence her life becomes that of a nun: and if she is a child her

training must lead to the nun's life. It is not true that she is regarded by society with aversion and contempt. The reverse is the case. She takes precedence of married women as one who is holier. We may regret the severity of the ideal, but we have to recognise here, as in the case of monogamy, that it indicates intensity of moral development, not its lack. It may bear hard upon the individual, but redress cannot lie in lowering of standard, it must rather consist of a new direction given to the moral force which it has evolved.

(13) The last contention which I have noted is the most serious of all, and I have heard it repeatedly in England and America in the course of missionary descriptions. I need hardly say that I know it to be grossly untrue.

It is interesting to note that these thirteen statements fall into three different groups, (*a*) statements which are absolutely and entirely false—(1), (3), (7), (11), (13); (*b*) statements which are the result of misinterpreting or overstating facts—(2), (5), (12); and (*c*) statements which may be true of certain limited localities, periods or classes, but to which a false colour has been given by quoting them as representative of Hindu life in the whole—(4), (8), (9) and (10).

The last group is the most important for two reasons; in the first place it has an air of seriousness

and security which goes far to give credibility to the whole argument, and in the second it furnishes a complete exposure of the method of making up evidence.

In the case of (4), we have a quotation from an old catechism of many centuries ago: "What is the chief gate to hell? A woman. What bewitches like wine? A woman," etc., etc.; made as if it were the most uptodate collection of modern Indian proverbs. We see the use of the thing the moment we look at it, but the missionaries continue to quote it with their accustomed gravity. One understands that in their eyes anything is justified that will warm the heathen of the error of his ways, but surely this poor little dialogue has been seriously over-worked. I have never read a missionary publication on the woman question in which it was not used, and I have never met with a Hindu, however learned, who would otherwise have known of it. On investigation one discovers that sentiment of this kind was common in the monkish literature of the Buddhist period. It could probably be matched from the monastic writings of our own middle ages. In (8) we have an abuse which concerned one caste in the Rajput districts, used as if it were true of all castes all over India, and this in face of the terrible *tu quoque* which might be retorted against the accuser. It cannot be too clearly understood that

India is a continent, not a country and that to gather together the exceptional vices and crimes of every people and province within her borders and urge them against " India " or " Hinduism " is about as fair as to charge a Norfolk farmer with practising Corsican vendetta, on the strength of the latter's being a " European " custom. In (*a*) one more we have the sin of a small and high caste charged in a way to make it seem true of the whole country. Kulin Brahmans cannot be more than one in 1,000 of the Bengali population, *and they exist only in Bengal.* We have also the deliberate ignoring of the way in which Hindus themselves have worked against the abuse.

And in (10) we have the sweeping-in of prostitution customs, without a word of warning, as if they were part of the respectable recognised life of the Indian people, and as if in the possession of such a class at all, the Indian people were incomparably depraved. Do the missionaries really affect such innocence? But if they do, at least let them observe the Indian fact accurately. In this custom of marriage to a god (or to a tree, as in Bengal), quaint as it sounds, there is a tremendous protecting fence thrown round girls. No Hindu man, however abandoned will outrage the unwedded maiden. Before these poor victims, therefore, can take up the practice of their profession, they have to go through

a form of marriage. Hence the device in question. Can we make as good a statement for ourselves?

If the outrage were on the other side, if Hindus had been in the habit of sending in their emissaries to convert us from the error of our ways, and if these emissaries on their return had grossly abused our hospitality; had forgotten the honour of the guest and blazoned our family misfortunes to the whole world; had made harsh criticisms on us as individuals, because they had been allowed the opportunity of seeing us by the hearthside, when the formalities of public life were put aside, if in fact they had violated our confidence, what should we have felt? What should we have said? Yet their doing so would have been comparatively insignificant, for power and influence are in our hand, not in theirs. Probably no single fact has tended to widen the distance between the races in India like that of missionary slander. Certainly nothing has so deepened our contempt. For, say what he will, the only class of Europeans who have been admitted to Hindu homes at all, and have made a business of reporting what they saw there, has been Protestant missionaries, medical and others. It seems as if to them nothing had been sacred. In all lands, doctors and clergymen see the misfortunes of the home, and professional honour keeps their lips sealed. But here all has been put upon the market. Medical records (always

unpleasant reading) have been detailed in public, from platform and pulpit. And the professional consideration that ought to have prevented such dishonour only intervene, if at all, to forbid the use of speaker's names in connection with statements made by them in full publicity to large audiences.

Another miserable fallacy remains. There are three classes of people whose opinions are quoted by missionaries in evidence of the sins and weaknesses of Hinduism. They are: (1) native reformers; (2) Christian converts; and (3) any exuberant fool who has been discovered.

We all know how much the first kind of evidence is worth. Just picture the "Woman's Rights" agitator comparing the positions of Eastern and Western women! How does she receive the suggestion that the Oriental has points of right and of authority which she cannot emulate? The idea is intolerable to her. Yet only an hour ago she may have been pointing out the bitter degradation of her own position, classed as she is in the voting lists with "criminals, lunatics, and paupers". It is evident that the anxious reformer uses languages amongst its equals that he would be very sorry to hear taken *au pied de la lettre* by the would-be interpreters of his country's customs. He would be the first then to point out that the expressions he had used had a purely relative value.

Much more is this true of the utterances of the reformer who has lived for years blinded by the ink of his own gall. We know how in such cases there can be a growth of bitterness and perversity which isolates the thinker and makes his conclusion on social problems absolutely worthless.

Christian converts in India are isolated by the very fact of baptism. And the present generation having been born Christian, have often little more than the missionaries account, of it, for the life habits of their own country people.

It cannot be too widely understood that one writer like Mrs. Steel, or one disinterested student of Indian life like Fielding in Burma, is worth all that has yet been contributed from all missionary sources put together. And if it is too late to change the present generation of workers, surely it is only the more timely to demand on the part of English people such a standard of sympathy and culture that the missionary without a thorough and appropriate education for his task shall twenty years hence be a thing of the past.

III

We have held up a double standard of the artistic opportunity open to the class we have been considering, and of the obligation of professional discretion.

When we hear the banker publicly discussing his client's accounts or the physician making known his patient's poverty and ignorance we conclude that at least these people are not held as human beings, since service of their need has no more bound the server to keep their confidence than it would bind the veterinary surgeon or the dog doctor. But it is not, at any rate conscious. The whole *raison detre* of the missionary's positions is a passionate impulse of human brotherhood. The idea that the souls of men are in eternal peril if they do not hear a certain tabulated historical statement may be true or false. It is sure that as long as such an idea appeals to conscientious people they are bound to make some missionary efforts. And the intention must approve itself to us as noble. But that sustained integrity which constitutes nobility of action is a vastly more difficult matter than this. And at this point the missionary is hampered by the tradition of his class. A certain given interpretation of caste, of zenana, of the native intellect, is imposed upon him at the outset, and few minds could break through such preconception even to the extent of fulfilling the first conditions of the disciplined student of phenomena.

As artist and scientist then we must perhaps consider him lost. There still remains the ideal of the religious teacher. Why should he not succeed in

this? It is a part that admits of sectarian bitterness, provided only it be backed up by holiness of personal life in some form that we can understand. It admits also of intellectual ignorance, provided there be spiritual insight. Was not the strongest empire that the world ever saw converted by a few fishermen. The Apostle need not be a scholar, he need not be an artist, he must be a saint.

It is here that we come upon the most curious paradox of all. Preaching an Eastern religion to an Eastern people, the ideals of the East are for once perfectly in place. It is a golden moment Count Tolstoi may have difficulty in obeying the words of Christ literally, while fulfilling the demands of life. But in India the one teacher who would be understood would be he who possessed neither gold nor silver nor brass in his purse, who had not two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves who saluted no man by the way being too much bent on the errand before him, and the repetition of the Name of God; who would be absolutely indifferent to the consequences for himself personally, offering himself up in very truth as a lamb amongst wolves. Every door in that country would swing upon before such a visitor even if he railed against the family gods. The Christian ideal might be demonstrated successfully in India now as it was in Italy, in the days of

St. Francis. By the Begging Friars, for India has retained the ideal of such life even more completely than Italy ever had it. To the Individual Christian therefore who is willing to accept the charge laid upon him, the way is clear. Let him go forth to the gentle East strong in his mission filled with burning renunciation "as a lamb amongst wolves". There will be no room here for marrying and bringing up of children; no room for distinctions of rank or of race; no room for anxiety about provision or gain.

Is this the ideal that the Missionary follows? If not, why not? True it is not the only useful career that he may adopt. An educator who has deeply understood the problems of India, and is ready to help her to solve them in her own way is perhaps even more necessary. The poet who makes two races love each other and the country is worthy of all the admiration he excites.

But has the missionary any right to claim the indulgence without the criticism of all these rolls? Has he any right to be fanatical like the religionist without being ascetic like him? To be wanting in common sense and accuracy like the poet, without contributing joy and beauty? To be in receipt of regular pay and live a comfortable life like the professional man, without any regard for the professional man's honour?

And are the public, who have so long permitted this thing to be, entirely without blame? Let us demand something better, and something better must be offered. The appeal is to Cæsar.—*Westminster Review.*

THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT

IT is necessary to say, and I feel that it cannot be said too strongly, that in the Swadeshi movement the Indian people have found an opportunity to make themselves respected by the whole world. For the world respects that which shows that it is to be feared, and the one thing that is feared, by all is strong, intelligent, and united action. We conquer a single elephant with ease. But where is the man who would attack a herd? The note of manliness, and self-help is sounded throughout the Swadeshi movement. There is here no begging for help, no cringing for concessions. What India can do for herself, that she will do. What she cannot at present do for herself will be considered hereafter.

To go deeper, it is the duty of the Indian people to refuse to the very utmost of their power to participate in that conspiracy of modern trade by which their own country and their own people are being impoverished in an accumulating ratio. Political exigencies do not create this duty. But political exigencies make it possible to bring it home to consciences that would otherwise have been difficult to touch, and by the force of common effort, to put new

hope and enthusiasm into even the oldest workers. And there is no reason why the movement should fail in India. The fact that America could not maintain her own industries without a high protective tariff, the fact that no Swadeshi movement, resting on a purely moral and voluntary basis, could possibly succeed in any European country, is no argument against the success of such a movement amongst ourselves. To begin with, the man who has a choice of weapons by which to make his strength felt, may be indifferent to a particular kind, but the situation changes when that is all he has. His whole power of resistance, his whole impulse of self-preservation, is then concentrated on its use. And the Swadeshi movement is all we have. In Western countries moreover, there is a certain minimum line of comfort, below which people cannot go. But with us, there is no such line. The Indian power to abstain is without a limit. But there is even more in our favour. For, it cannot be denied, that while Eastern peoples have hitherto shown themselves to be weaker than Western in certain kinds of co-operation and self-defence, they have, throughout the whole course of human history, proved themselves vastly stronger in ability to unite for the affirming of a given idea, in self-surrender to a moral impulse, in the power steadily to endure all the discomfort and deprivation or refusal for the

sake of right. Thus, the whole history of India fits the Indian people for a struggle in which there is no force to uphold the *Dharma* against the temptations of self-indulgence, of comfort, and of individual selfishness save that of the human will and the human conscience. It may be that no other modern country could succeed in this ordeal. Yet, even that would not condemn the holy land to fail. The Indian people have heard, so far, of nothing but their weaknesses. The time has now come when they should meditate on their own *strength*, and proceed to prove it. What about the wealth of self-control and self-direction, handed down by generations of austere and clean-living ancestors, and put out to interest in the steady routine of Hindu piety, day after day, and year after year? Besides, is it true that mankind always does the cheap thing? Is the human will really like water, always to be carried to the lowest available level, by its own momentum? If this had been so, how should we explain that great transition, by which Hindus once upon a time, ceased to eat beef? They were accustomed to the food, and liked it. It was convenient to kill cattle and feed a household, in times of scarcity. But an idea of mercy and tenderness, aided by the permanent economic interests of the civilisation, came in, and to-day, where is the Hindu who will eat beef? The Swadeshi movement is the cow-protecting movement, of the present

age. There will yet come a time in India when the man who buys from a foreigner what his own countryman could by any means supply, will be regarded as on a level with the killer of cows to-day. For assuredly, the two offences are morally identical.

Again, if it were true that man always took the easiest course, what society could ever hope to rise out of savagery? All our higher instincts, like cleanliness, refinement, love of learning, have been built up of refusals to go to the easy way, to take the cheaper of two results. Rather, is it true to say, that man is man in virtue of his inherent power to curb his grosser appetite and will, in favour of some finer and more remote purpose. Man is man in proportion only as he does *not* live the blind instinctive life of his first impulse, his immediate convenience, his individual self-interest, but a higher life of struggle against these primitive desires and their supersession by others which are subtler, less self-regarding, and further reaching. It is precisely in a matter like the keeping of the Swadeshi vow that the Indian people, especially, can find an opportunity to show their true mettle. Their civilisation looks meagre enough and poor enough, beside the luxury and complexity of that of the West. But if it, with all its bareness, should prove to contain unsuspected moral potentialities, if it should hide a power, unknown to others, of choosing right at any cost, then which will force

the acknowledgment of its superiority, the magnificence of Europe, or the poverty of the mother land?

If we are told that no people will voluntarily buy in a dear market when they might buy in a cheap, we answer: *this may be true of Western peoples, educated in a system of co-operation for self-interest, and, at the same time, it may be untrue of the Indian nation, educated in a system of co-operation for self-sacrifice.*

I have spoken of this as a struggle on behalf of *Dharma*. But is this true? Is the Swadeshi movement actually an integral part of the National Righteousness? The Mother-Church at least, has spoken with no uncertain voice. Like a trumpet-call has gone forth the Renewal of Vows at the Kalighat, in Calcutta. Throughout the whole country has been heard the fiat issued at Puri. Henceforth it will be held sacrilege to offer foreign wares in worship. Here and there we learn of personal sacrifice, such as that of the poor *purohits* in the Eastern districts, who volunteered to offer only *gumtchas*, or coarse towels, during the recent *Puja*, in cases where country-cloth could not be had in the ordinary quantity, though to do so meant a year of proverty for them. But there is human proof forthcoming, also. In the commercial quarter of Calcutta, as soon as the Boycott began, it was found that the cry of "Pick-pocket!"—hitherto, alas, of hourly occurrence on the

pavements of the Burra Bazaar!—was no longer heard. It had actually become unfashionable for small boys to be constantly subjected to the harassing attentions of the police, and the jail as a school for our children was falling out of use! On investigation the merchants concluded that the dexterous fingers of the little folk were now busily employed in rolling the leaf-cigarettes, or country *biras*, that had superseded the English.

During the National Celebration of the 16th of October, a Bengali Muhammadan was heard addressing a crowd of his fellows. "Brothers," he was saying, "a while ago, we could not earn four annas a day. You know that a man had to steal for his opium, and how many of us spend eight months of every year in prison, while our women ate outside their homes! But now, how everything is changed! Ten annas a day, with comfort and decency. No more stealing, no more prison, and our women cook for us and for themselves!" Of Calcutta it may be said that in all directions small industries have sprung up like flowers amongst us. Here are whole households engaged in making matches. Somewhere else, it is ink, tooth powder, soap, note-paper, or what not. There, again, is a scheme for pottery, or glass, on a more ambitious scale. And this, without mentioning the very staple of the country, its cotton weaving. Where before were only despair and

starvation, we see to-day glad faces, and feel an atmosphere of hope.

Again, where people are habitually below the line of proper feeding, the first sign of a wave of prosperity must be the appearance of more food-shops. And in the Indian parts of Calcutta, these greet the eye on all sides, with a more varied assortment of better food-stuffs than of old. Hope has come to the people. A chance of self-help has dawned upon them. And we may lay a wager that when that season arrives, the plague returns will show how hopeless is the siege laid against the citadel of a higher comfort. For the truest hygiene lies in being well nourished. The best medicine is sufficient food.

Now what does all this mean? Could there be anything more pathetic than the joy of a confessedly criminal class at the cessation of a need for crime? In Europe, who have to deal with men who will not work, and commit crime, it is said, for the love of it. But can this be said of our "little brothers" of the Indian lower classes? Surely, if thereby one could give an opportunity to, such sweetness and honesty and child like purity of heart, as have revealed themselves through the unconscious lips of a Muhammadan workman, if one could thereby protect them, and aid them their struggle on and up, one might be glad oneself to commit a thousand crimes and steep one's own soul in the lake of fire for ever. Oh voice of

the Indian People, voice of the downtrodden, voice of the ignorant and helpless, speak louder yet, that we, your own flesh, may hear your cry, and know your innocent gladness, and join our hands and hearts with yours, in a common suffering and a common love: If it be true that by an attitude of of rigid self-control we can help to turn jail-birds into honest men, give to children, who are now forced into dishonesty by the poverty of their homes, an education in labour, and a sufficient provision for life, bring food to the starving, and hope to the despairing, and finally strengthen the people to withstand the attacks of disease, is there any question as to the *Swadeshi tapasya* being *Dharma*? Let none talk nonsense about other lands! On Indian men and women is laid the responsibility of caring for the *Indian* poor. And let there never be forgotten the curse of the *Gita* on the man who does another's duty instead of his own. "Better for a man is his own duty, however badly done, than the duty of another, though that be easy. *The duty of another leaps into great peril.* Let Manchester go! Let London go! It is for the Indian People to do *their own duty.*

But let us turn to the rewards of this *tapasya*, if successfully carried out. First we must understand that no work was ever wasted. Every vibration of struggle brings its own result. When enough force

has gone out, victory is the return. Ultimately, there is no such thing as defeat. A clear will frustrated, only becomes the clearer. Loss becomes then nothing but a gain delayed. Again, victory depends only on effort, never on talk. All India is watching to-day the struggle that is going on in Eastern Bengal. Scarcely a word appears in the papers, yet the knowledge is everywhere. The air is tense with expectation, with sympathy, with pride, in those grim heroic people and their silent struggle to the death, for their Swadeshi trade. Quietly, all India is assimilating their power. Are they not a farmer people engaged in a warfare which is none the less real for being fought with spiritual weapons? But let him who stands in the path of right, beware! Clearer and clearer grows the will unjustly thwarted. Sterner and sterner become they who are taught to depend on their own strength, and in all history there comes an hour when the merciless man trembles, and cries out himself on the mercy of God, to find it gone!

The first result of faithfulness to Swadeshi, is then, the power to be more faithful still. Here we find the value of our difficulties. It is only a fool or a coward who tamely submits to opposition. The manly man feels that nothing else is so effective in forcing him to keep the fires of his own enthusiasm ablaze.

But the second result is much more tangible. The movement to-day is only in its initial stage. It cannot be allowed to end till it has stopped the whole of the commercial drain upon the country. Now if the impoverishment of India is a matter of the amount of an annual drain put out at compound interest, which it is, it follows that the amount saved by the Swadeshi movement, so long as the level gained is maintained, is turned into *prosperity at compound interest*. Every pice circulated in India represents a value periodically added, in an accumulating ratio, to the Indian soil. If the Swadeshi movement, then, can only be adhered to with firmness, we may even begin to hear, from the politicians of the Congress of an economics of hope, instead of an economics of despair!

What, then, of the difficulties of the Swadeshi movement? Apart from political opposition, which is, as has been said, rather a spur than otherwise, it has several serious obstacles to overcome. Amongst these I do not count that slight ebbing of interest which comes sooner or later in some degree to all things human, when the first eagerness of the multitudes is overpast. On the whole, this movement is rooted so deep in the trained habits of our women and our priests, that the tidal ebb is an extraordinarily small factor in the sum of action. And the whole of this is to be taken up and eliminated later, when

the advance of the sea upon the land shall wash away the very shores themselves. No, the serious difficulties of the Swadeshi movement lie in the two great fields of Production and Distribution. The obstacle offered by insufficient production is understood by all of us. Indeed, it has been the strong and spontaneous union of efforts to bring production up to the required level, in which has lain the dawning hope and joy of all the workers. In Distribution, however, we have a problem equally refractory to solve. For even when we know that a certain article is made in the country, we do not yet know where to obtain it. Or the shop at which it can be bought is apt to be inaccessible, or insufficiently supplied. The first Soap Factory started in Calcutta formed a notable exception to this rule. The sale of this soap was organised with as much care as its manufacture, with the result that it was immediately obtainable in the small quantities required for household use, at plenty of well known places in Calcutta. Its success, therefore, was great and immediate. The same is not the case, however, with jams and chutneys, with Hindu biscuits, with ink, matches, note-paper, and other equally necessary commodities. Indeed, if the opportunity of purchasing some of these were a boon conferred on the consumer at as much sacrifice to the manufacturer as parting with a trade secret, it could hardly be more effectually

withheld! Now this is extremely natural. It is only what was to have been expected. The channels of distribution, and the small shops—which are the *real* distributing centres in every city—have been so long in the hands of the foreign trade, that they require to be re-captured now, for their own. *Above all, these small shops must be captured by the Swadeshi.* For they take, to whole quarters, the place which the housewife's store-room plays to the family-mansion. The four-anna shop, or the four-pice shop, is the store-room of the poor. There the school-boy buys his ink, his stationery, and his pencils. There the housewife stops, on her road from the river, to purchase a gift or a utensil. It is here that our own soap, ink, paper, matches, toys, and the rest must be made to assail the eye in all directions. A place in the shop-window is the best advertisement. And only when this state of affairs has been brought about, can the Swadeshi movement really penetrate beyond the palace and the temple, into the remotest corners of villages and huts.

For this to be done, it will be necessary, either that each small industry which is started shall employ an agent for the special purpose of attending to the distribution of its particular product, or that each town shall form a Swadeshi Committee, to keep a register of all industrial undertakings, and of the shops at which the products can be found, and also

to promote the sale of Swadeshi, rather than Bideshi articles at the local shops. There is so strong an inclination in this direction all over the country, that a little organised propaganda, and a little well directed effort, will go a long way in this direction. But we must be prepared to *sustain* those efforts. The system of commercial credit is such that the shops must be assisted as far as possible to disentangle themselves from the foreign trade, and this will take time, patience, and a deeper enthusiasm than a movement can show.

There is, however, another difficulty, which makes the organisation of such *bureaus*, and their issuing of lists of approved shops, necessary. This lies in the practice of trade forgery. Several articles have already appeared on the market, bearing marks and lables which have been affixed in India, while the goods themselves are of foreign make. To publish the names of these would, perhaps, constitute libel. Moreover, the offence will become more common. Obviously, the only way to defeat the fraud is by the publication of white lists, under the authority of trusted leaders of the Swadeshi movement. These leaders themselves, further, must be personally cognisant of the source of every article for which they vouch. It is our own fault if we cannot overcome so obvious a device as this. It *can* be overcome, but to do so needs patience and forethought.

The clear sight that shows us where to strike, and the strong love of our own people, the helpless, "the little children" of the Mother land, that is to make every blow tell, these, and these only, are the conditions that we want. Having these, we cannot fail. And we shall not fail. For all the forces of the future are with us. The Swadeshi movement has come to stay, and to grow, and to drive back for ever in modern India, the tides of reaction and despair.—*The Indian Review.*

THE LAST OF POUS

AN INDIAN STUDY

It is empty now, the place on my desk where the little ship of flowers has stood all day. But out on the chill edge of the Ganges, as darkness comes on, the tiny bark lies drifting hither and thither, scarcely determined yet betwixt ebb and flow, as we, with a few of the children, launched it an hour ago. It was early still, when we went down to the riverside, and as we turned away, but one worshipper had arrived besides ourselves—a solitary girl of eleven or twelve—to send her offering out to the Great Unknown. We stayed a while then and watched her as she carefully removed the sacramental food from her birch-bark vessel, and set in the stern the little light, and then floated it boldly on the waters. But after that, what could we do but stay and watch and watch with breathless interest, as long as ever the star shone clear in the fragile craft, that we know, with the turn of the tide, would reach the main current and be carried far out to sea?

Ah, innumerable fleet of little nameless boats, floating on tanks and rivers in all the villages of

Bengal to-night, bearing each your twinkling lamp into the all-enshrouding dark, how like ye are to life, how like to death!

For this is the last day of the Bengalee month of Pous. It is the day for pilgrimage to Gangasakar—the island where the river meets the sea. And more than this, it is the day of prayer for all travellers, all wanderers from their homes, and for all whose footsteps at nightfall shall not lead to their own door. It was in a crowded street this morning, as I passed the end of a small bazaar, that I noticed the eager faces and hurrying feet of men and women, hastening to carry to those at home their ships of flowers. They were rude enough, these little ships, that I too bought forthwith, to load with spoil of prayer and loving thought. Roughly pinned together, they were of the shining white core of the plantain-stem and masted and arched from stem to stem with splinters of bamboo run through the hearts of yellow marigolds. Here and there the dealers had made attempts to imitate more closely with coloured paper, flags and string, the sails and cordage of the old country-boats. But for the most part they were mere suggestions, glistering vessels and burning-hearted flowers.

Mere suggestion truly, but of what? Can we not see the quiet women, sitting absorbed before the symbol at their feet, loading it with offerings, bel

leaves, flowers consecrated fruits and grain; and praying, with each fresh gift, for some beloved life, that through the coming year it may go safe amidst whatever tide, that even now if peril somewhere threatens it, it may be brought safe back? Have we not here to-day the perfect picture of humanity, man battling on the distant frontier-line of toilsome life, and women for love's sake, not for God's, holding fast to prayer? One thinks of the cry of the Jew, sonorous through the ages, the Jew, who loved not the sea, but lifted his eyes to the hills to find his help, and lost himself between "I" and "thee" in an inflood of blessedness.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." One thinks of the churches of Brittany and of the small model of a ship, *barque de ma vie*, that hangs before every altar and in every private oratory. And there comes back the echo of the sailor's cry, amidst surf and storm, 'Sainte Anne! Sainte Anne'!

Here too, in Bengal, we have a maritime people, once great amongst the world's seafarers, and here on the last day of Pous we celebrate the old-time going forth of merchant enterprise and exploration. It was a traffic cut off from that of Phoenicia, and the well-omened people of the middle sea, but unmistakably great in the East. China and Japan, Cambodia

and Burma have welcomed the coming of these mariners of Bengal to their ports, being glad thereby for gain of wealth and honour. Fa-Hian, Hiouen-Tsang and I-ching are but three names out of the countless host of pilgrims to whom they belonged, who sought the shores of India and left them in the name of the knowledge and impulse that she had power to send to other and less-favoured peoples. But why cast our memory so far back? It is little more than a hundred years ago that Indian shipbuilding was famous through the world. And how should the seacraft of India win renown, if her merchants and sailors had not the courage to dare and die!

All day long from the altar-shelf above my desk, the flaming marigolds, like a curved line of sanctuary-lamps have shone down upon me and stirred a maze, a multitude of dreams and memories in heart and brain. "The Lord bless—the Lord bless—going out, coming in—and ever more . . ." Hold we a moment! Let others pray for the well-being of their beloved! But as for me and mine, we pray for nations. And to-night we load our ship with name and vision of a future glory, greater than that of the marigolds, greater than that of the past, the glory of Bengal that it is to be.—*Indian World.*

THE HINDU SACRED YEAR

WHETHER or not it is true, as some have held, that all sacred years are built out of the wreckage of more ancient civil years, it is certain beyond any possibility of cavil or question, that behind the Hindu sacred year lies another, a weather-year, full of the most loving and delicate observation of Nature. Each great day as it comes round, is marked by its own particular glinting of sunlight on the leaves, its own rare bite in the morning air, or its own dancing of the blood at noon. When, in the early autumn, the tiny joinquil-like flowers are found fallen at dawn, from the *shefalika* bushes, and the children pick them up blossom by blossom for worship, men say, with something of the gladsomeness of childhood itself, "Mother is coming! Mother is coming!" for they remind them of the festival of Durga, by this sign near at hand. In spring-time when the *asoka* tree begins to adorn itself with its bunches of red flowers that are said never to bud till the tree has heard the footsteps of a beautiful woman, and the long slender buds of the leaf-almond begin to appear, the low castes are glad, for now

is coming Holi, the Easter of primitive peoples. On the birth-day of Krishna, late in the summer, it *must* rain, in memory of the night so long ago when the Lord of all was carried as a babe, by Vasudeva, through wind and storm. The Kali-puja, with its myriads of tiny open lamps, seems always to happen on the night of some marriage-flight amongst the insects, and always the little winged creatures suffer death by fire on these altars of the Mother.

But there is no nature-festival to be compared with that of *Rash.* All through the growing moon of the beautiful month of *Kartik*, the women have gone to the Ganges-side at evening, night after night, with flowers and lamps to offer vows. Now has come the full moon. It is the first of the cold weather. The winter flowers are beginning to bloom. The world is full of relief from the lessening of the long heat. The very trees seem to rejoice in the unwonted coolness, and this was the moment at which Krishna went with the cowherds to the forest. Throughout the rains, the cattle had been kept in the villages, and now they were taken to the distant pastures. Oh, the joy of the forests! the long moonlight nights, the whispering trees, the enfolding dark, the presence of the Cowherd who is in truth the Lord Himself! In these temples which have the necessary buildings, the image of Krishna is taken at evening out of its sanctuary, and conveyed in procession to a little

Chapel of the Exposition, there to be worshipped publicly until the morning. Here for three days in the small hours of the night, when the moon has scarcely yet begun to wane, come the women to sit and worship, or to go round and round the altar in a circle, silently praying. And choirs of priests chant the while. And image-sellers drive a brisk, though almost silent, trade, and the precincts of the temple are thronged with life, imagining itself out in the forest amongst the cowherds, playing with the Lord.

Every full moon has its own special morsel of lore. To-night, at some hour or other, the sweet goddess Lakshmi will enter the room, and we must on no account sleep, lest we miss her visit. Again, it is unlucky this month for the heads of the family to see the moon. Therefore they must not look out of the window, and this is well, for to-night is the Orchard-robbing festival, when the boys of the village have right to enter the garden and carry off ripe fruit. What wonderful coincidence fixed it to fall just when the harvest of the jack-trees is ready for gathering!

The whole of Hinduism is one long sanctification of the common life, one long heart, and relating of soul to the world about it, and love of pilgrimage and the quest of sacred shrines speak of that same desire to commune with nature as the village-feasts. The holiness of nature is the fundamental thought of

Hindu civilisation. The hardships of life in camp and forest are called austerity. The sight of grass and trees is called worship. And the soothing and peace that come of a glimpse of a great river is held a step on the road to salvation, and the freeing of the soul.

How did this passion for nature become fixed and ritualised, in the series of the year's fasts and feasts? Here opens out a field of most fruitful study. A fixed system of universal consent, in matters such as these, always presupposes some central authority, which persisted long enough not only to pronounce authentically on disputable matters, but also to radiate as custom what had been thus determined. This central authority existed in India, as the empire whose seat for nearly a thousand years was Pataliputra. By its rulings was Hinduism, in so far as it is universal throughout the country, shaped and determined, and in order to know exactly what this was in its daily working, it would be necessary to study in detail worships of Madras and the South. For here we have, more or less in its purity, the Hinduism which grew up, antithetically to Buddhism, during the Buddhist period. It differs in many ways from that of Bengal since there the faith went through a much longer period of elaboration. Pataliputra was succeeded by Gour, the Guptas by the Sens, and in the year A.D. 728 Adisur Sen, Emperor

of the five Gours, as was his title, brought to his capital, and established there for the good of his people in matters of faith and scholarship, the celebrated five Brahmins of Kanauj. And they made the face of Bengal to shine, which is a brief way of saying, probably, that this king established an ecclesiastical college of reference at Gour, which went on impressing its influence on the life of Bengal, long after the original five, and their king, had been gathered to their fathers. Even after the Hindu sovereigns had fallen altogether, and Muhammadan rulers had taken their place, this Brahminical influence went on living and working. It was in fact the Bengali form of the Papacy, and before we rebel against it too much, before we asperse it too bitterly for the cerecloths of orthodoxy which it bound upon the people, we ought to know what were the problems that it had to solve. It gave continuity to the social development of the community, in face of the most appalling political revolutions. It made the faith a strong ground of taste and manners and gave it consciousness of its strength. It made the village into a true civic unit, in spite of complexity of caste and origins. It maintained the growth of the literature and the epic-making faculty. And above all, the supreme gift of Hinduism, it went on deepening and widening the education of the people by that form of mind-cultivation which is peculiar

to India, the form that she knows not as secular schooling but as devotional meditation, the power to which she will one day owe her recovery, should it be given to her to recover her footing at all, in the world of nations.

The power of the Brahmin was never broken in Bengal, till modern education brought new tests to try men by. Muhammadanism had never touched it. The new religion of Chaitanya was not even defiant of it. Automatically, it had gone on working and growing. The world is always ready to call any overthrowal of the old by the name of reformation, because in anything long established there is always much that deeds overthrow. Pruning and weeding are a parable of necessary processes in thought and society also. But how can we call this a reformation unless we know what new ideals are to be substituted for the old? That destruction has taken place is indisputable, but does destruction alone constitute reformation? In any case Bengal owes her own solidarity, her unity in complexity, her Hinduistic culture and the completeness of her national assimilation, more perhaps to Adisur and the Brahminical college that he established than to any other single fact of these many centuries.

If this theory be correct, if the wider Hinduistic formalism was the work of the Guptas of Pataliputra, and the orthodoxy of Bengal more especially that of the Sen kings of Gour, a wonderful amount of history lies in the study of the differences between the two.

We shall in that case expect to find more ancient and less homogeneous fragments of the faith lying outside Bengal. We shall look moreover to study the development of the popular faith in parallelism with Buddhism, outside Bengal. For here a long obscuring process has been superposed upon the other. Those elements of Hinduism in which it has marked affinities to the classical and pre-classical religions of Europe must for the most part, be sought outside, in distant provinces, and at the conservative centres of the great pilgrimage-shrines. But for the potentialities of Hinduism, for its power to bind and unite, for its civilising and liberalising effect, we cannot do better than go to Bengal. Here we may disentangle gradually the long story of the influences that have made it what it is. Did the first image-makers come from China? And when? In what order were the main worships introduced? What was the original place of the planetary deities, of snakes, and of trees in the scheme of things? Who were Satya-Pir and Staya-Narain? These questions, and a thousand like them, have to be answered, before we can understand, and assign time and source to all the elements that have gone to the making of the *sanathan dharma* in Bengal. Yet wherever we go, north, east, or west, we shall always find that India herself has been the inspiration of Hinduism, and that the faith without the land is a name without a person, a face without soul.—*Hindustan Review.*

THE RELATION BETWEEN FAMINE AND POPULATION

NOTES OF LECTURES HEARD IN PARIS AT THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, 1900

I

THE need of bread is the blackest incident of human life. Blackest, because simplest, easiest and most fundamental to overcome. The one success of which we are assured in the case of our own for-bears, every man and woman of them, up to a given year of life, has been food-snatching of some sort, from other men, or from the Earth. Unless this had been so, we had not been here. The present generation is the naturally-selected product of ages of food-victory.

Yet famine remains. Sometimes it is the hunger of a man or a family. Sometimes starvation, like the arctic winter of the glacial period, bursts its bounds, and sweeps over great territories of humankind. Why?

Obviously there are two factors in the problem. When a nation or a race starve to death all together it may be because climate and soil have combined

against them to produce no food. The red man perished in North America when the white man drove the bison from their ancient feeding-grounds. Practically, under these changed conditions, the race was wiped out. But when two or three individuals, or even two or three thousand, die of hunger, in the midst of a city that feasts and is merry, it is because something is wrong with the distribution of food, and something wrong too with those human relations that brought no hurrying footsteps with pity and help, to every sufferer over whom had fallen the shadow of despair.

The modern world is such a city. Nowhere to-day is man so far from man that one has any right to die of want of food, while another lives. Nowhere. And yet they die. The two or three become many millions. The heedless city about them becomes the whole indifferent world. And the old drama is played out on the large scale. As want grows fierce in one place, luxury and waste increase in another. Here men are brutalised by starvation. There by gluttony, more men here, and more there. This is the change that we call progress. One mother, mad with hunger, kills her child that she may not see it starve. An other, absorbed in pleasure, has no time to see her own child eat. What one spends on her toilet, would lift the other out of hell. Surely this shows want of adjustment. But why?

Why do some men die of hunger, for the food that others waste? Why?

The answers are manifold. All the outstanding age-old problems have had their changing age-interpretations. And hunger as a social phenomenon is one of these. But the theories proposed in era after era remain with humanity in a confused mass. We remember them all, only we do not relate them. We make no study of the circumstances out of which each rose. We do not analyse our own period, to know whether or not a given interpretation could apply. Meanwhile, facts stare us in the face, with their perpetual question. We turn to one another and ask it, and society returns one glib explanation after another, giving only more formulations of fact which the dominant classes in each age have found useful to themselves. Let us however put these in their proper sequence, and they may answer many a question for us. Instead of the feeblest alternatives for utter ignorance, they may become luminous enough, and enable us to distinguish the essentials of the problem:—Why do millions of people die of hunger in a world in which there is abundance of food?

The Age of Primitive man. In the forests, marshes, and caves of the primitive era, death was a constant feature of human experience. Possessed of few weapons, man had but little means of determining his own chance in the hunt. It was not

perhaps, till continuity of affection had made the grave remembered and beloved by women, that the seeding and growth of flowers were even noticed. There could not, therefore, be any agriculture. Wild roots and fruits, and animals of all kinds—found dead, or killed in the chase or snared—were the only food. Sometimes days of hunger and search, with constant exposure, would elapse, before prey was found. Terrible want would be succeeded by an equally terrible orgy. Of each, some members of the horde would die. Social feeling was probably immensely strong. Risks were shared. One brother would stand by another when he was down, for his protection. These things we see, even amongst successful animals, and man's great weapon of ascendency has been his superior social instinct. Yet in spite of this, one overtaken by weakness or fever died, almost as certainly as he who was torn by the pangs of the prey. Risks to life, therefore, being almost infinite, the one duty of woman was motherhood. One of the greatest tests of prosperity and strength of the *Woreby*-knit community, as a community, was either the largeness of its birthrate, or the physical fitness of its women. In this period, therefore, we find the root of the idea that increase of population constitutes the well-being of a people.

But this very importance of motherhood rendered inevitable the development of its emotional and

ethical content. From a greater or less impermanence of all relations, one, that of mother and son, began to acquire stability. Enter the Matriarchal Period.

The Matriarchate. The feelings and habits of woman had taken many centuries to dawn as a social force. They were essentially feelings and habits of forethought and protection. Secretly, lest her wild sons and impulsive companions should be rendered too indolent or too extravagant, she had experimented on the growth of seeds. The wife offering to the husband in the hour of need her secret hoard, is very old in the relations of man and woman! It had even occurred to woman to snare the small game, and preserve it alive, as a permanent source of food. The domestication of plants and animals arose, and became an absorbing occupation. Fire was discovered and later, tamed. Life grew more secure. But work multiplied. There were not hands enough for all that could be done, in that great humanising age. Therefore woman still shone as the mother, and the commands to "be fruitful and multiply, and to replenish the earth" were regarded as one and the same thing. Famine occurred, but it tended to be less a personal chance, and more and more a communal misfortune, arising when the hot winds swept in from the desert, and the scratched soil refused to bear; when a murrain broke out amongst beasts; or when an insect blight fell on the

apricot and the wild fig, and caused to them to shed their untimely fruit. And in this form, kindly housewife ways could do much for its mitigation. Throughout matriarchal nations, the habit of storing through years of plenty, against years of scarcity, obtained. And the oldest epic of India contains a passage of a thousand lines in which we have the ripest wisdom of antiquity on this point—actual receipts of the mother-craft handed on for kingly use.

Every order contains the elements of its own decay. Side by side with the vision of Seis and Biris, the Divine mother and son, grew up the outrage of the scarlet women.. The chivarly of men defending the independence of the mother-house was now undone by the shrinking desire of woman to be won and retained. The matriarchate fell, and Babylon was remembered with a mystic horror amongst societies moulded on the patriarchal idea.

The Patriarchal Age. One great advantage of patriarchal over matriarchal society, lay in its superior nobility. Civilisations in which woman was really central would always tend to remain in the river valleys. Those to which man gave permanence and form could cross even the mountains, the wilderness, or the seas. The seasonal imigration of herds to summer pastures, and the fact that herdsmen and women would go together, may have

produced some of its deepest and earliest developments for pastoral and nomadic peoples are typically patriarchal. In any case, the patriarchal organisation must by degrees have included all occupations, with their burying ideals. And in all alike, the notion of family-increase was associated with well-being.

To the shepherd, this could hardly fail to be a reflection from the habit of his work. To the peasant, the advantage of more hands to dig and sow, not only for present use, but also for future contingencies, was a long established ideal.

In all simple states of society, where a man had the fruits of his own labour assured to him, the power of the earth to produce food, clothing, and shelter, would impose the only limit on the desirability of population. And even now, wherever there is abundance of food, patriarchal societies retain the old prejudice in favour of the birth of children knowing that each person added means an increment of wealth to the community, above the individual power to consume. The only exception to this is in the case of un-fathered children, against whom patriarchal societies will assume a characteristic attitude of disapproval.

Whether, however, increase of population is invariably a sign of prosperity in the more complex developments of this form of society, remains to be

tested and observed throughout historic periods, by the question of its relation to the food-supply.

Mediœval Europe. The Middle Ages offer us a long period of very varying conditions. Under Feudalism, the condition of the people was indeed hard. War, poverty, and serfage, with the constant possibility of epidemics, were more or less established features of life. Obviously, a certain margin of births over food-productivity was essential to the maintenance of communities subjected to such excessive risks.

The Church set her face to steady encouragement of the family. She was influenced no doubt by some perception of the economic fact. Also there was the desire, in a world where public relations were so productive of misfortune, to bring about a predominance of elements of joy and humanisation. Besides these general considerations, she had the more technical idea of increasing the number of her baptised members. And doubtless there was also the sincere democratic impulse to add to the number and power of the burden-sharers.

In the rise of the Cistercians, Dominicans, and Franciscans, the Church proved her power to assert the ideal and apply the check of celibacy, whenever she chose, and in the case of the first two orders, to direct the labour of the celibate class to high communal ends. The fact that she had

this power, moreover, would make her fearless of over-population. The idea, therefore, that growth of numbers is on first principles a sign of well-being, has the old sacerdotal authority on its side.

Throughout the struggles of the middle ages, however, we perceive the evolution of two classes, with conflicting interests. Obviously, the more men Wat Tyler could lead, or John Bull inspire, the better for that class, and the worse for the class they oppossed. It becomes no longer possible, then, to discuss the question of advantage as if this were evenly distributed. Henceforth we must distinguish between the advantages of class and class. Further, there are degrees of distance from famine in each case. A population that lives on wheat can change its diet for a less sufficient many times before reaching grass and bark. A population which already has nothing but potatoes, cannot. Remembering this, our enquiry must include the question—'is increase of population a sign of prosperity amongst those who are already close to the famine-line? Do added numbers tend to produce more food than they consume, or to consume more than they produce? According to our decision on these points, must our estimate of the advantages, or disadvantages, of an increasing density of inhabitants on a given area, be varied.

Evidently, the question is largely one of place. Up to a certain point of fertility, land will repay labour spent on it, in an accelerating ratio. Where one man cannot efficiently work his farm at all, two men co-operating can more than double its powers of production. Evidently, however, this process cannot be continued indefinitely. When a certain density is reached, it will become increasingly difficult to add another inhabitant to the area. The law of diminishing returns will now begin to take effect.

A good deal of the flood and thunder of the Middle Ages is the play of contending portions of the feudal classes, while agriculture and the burghs are steadily progressing towards their limit of advantage. But the fact that increase of population is in this case associated with growing prosperity, is not to be taken as establishing a universal principle. It is obviously a phenomenon which is special to the age and conditions of mediæval development.

The Revolution. With the invention of steam machinery, we enter on the industrial revolution. In all the theories born of this age, the man to be benefitted is the man who holds the machinery, the capitalist. To him, *quantity* of production becomes the aim. Every labourer more means increase of quantity, and a percentage more—even, if population should increase beyond the point of demand for

labour, an increasing percentage on your man himself. For where numbers are few and work abundant, A gets high wages: when numbers are great, and demand for stuff remains the same, he gets little. Hence the actual interests of employer and employed may at this point come into conflict—the growth of population being to the advantage of the capitalist, and to the actual disadvantages of the labourer. This point is commonly obscured, of course, by the fact that we hear only the employer's point of view.

Meanwhile, the flow of wages goes on. The flow of production goes on. The elementary conditions of well-being are met. The labourer finds bread plenty and clothing plenty. There may be no real progress, no increased mastery of conditions, no addition to intellectual resources. People who have not yet learnt the need of these, proceed the hurl themselves back into the poverty from which they have just emerged, by increasing their marriage-rate with the fall in the price of bread.

Population grows and the Manchester School of Economists utters its poem of thanksgiving for the so-called progress of Lancashire. It is the joy of the capitalist over a large material for exploitation—and the labouring-classes, with the characteristic inhumanity of the period, become the proletariat, the *breeders*.

Essentially, the industrial revolution does not mean increase of production so much as concentration of labour. And even if the growth of Lancashire cities had constituted progress, it would probably have entailed loss elsewhere. In whose hands was the making of cotton heretofore? And are there still work and food for these?

Again, what does it mean to fasten the attention of a people on this function, of increasing population. It means that human beings become domesticated animals—the live stock on the capitalistic farm—and follow the same biological laws as others. One of these is that excessive reproduction causes degeneration of race. Woman is exhausted as an individual. Man spends what ought to have been surplus energy in routine drudgery. Feeble cerebration and accelerating physical deterioration ensue. The industrial revolution, therefore, only betokens as oscillation of the centre of prosperity, not absolute progress, and a rapidly-increasing population, even where based on the abundance of food, is more apt, other things being equal, to signify squalor and degradation, than prosperity and progress.

But increase of population does not always proceed from a fall in the price of bread. That the more you feed (up to excess) the more you breed, is true. But the opposite affirmation is also true. The more you starve, the more you breed. The fact

is, extraordinary conditions in either direction act first in stimulating this activity.

The Age of Empire. The excessive productivity of the Age of Revolution gives place to the Age of Empire—everywhere—always. It may be the empire of the city over the Country side. It may be the empire of London over the Antipodes. Force must be employed in its interest. The rich struggle to acquire the territory of the poor. One race struggles for supremacy over another.

In the latter case, all the complex machinery of Government and army has to be maintained. The expense is great. It must be met by taxation. The larger the population, as long as the means of production are capable of extension, the larger the imperial harvest to be gathered. The less, too, is the incidence per head. Increase of population will thus always be quoted by a ruling class as a sign of prosperity, even though it be accompanied by famine. It is the sign and means of the *ruler's* prosperity. The inferiors, moreover, being squeezed to the utmost, are thrust back upon this acivity as their only relief. Thus it becomes true that the more you starve (within limits of complete physical inanition), the more you breed.

And the proof is that the poorest populations have everywhere the largest birth rate. The slum swarming with little children, and the comfortable middle-class street with its few well-tended and provided for.

form a contrast true also as of nation against nation, and city against city. Degradation of type to less human and more gorilla forms is the inevitable result.

The Age of Finance. The organisation of Empire produces the Age of Finance. That is to say, the estimates of the banker and the Mint-master now become the popular theory of life. People lose all sense of the relation between money and things. They mistake riches for wealth. They forget that gold and diamonds must be measured in terms of corn and bread, not *vice versa.* The plain fact that if rice be taken from a country, less rice remains there, has no meaning for them. They are confussed by the fact that money goes back in exchange.

Judgment now goes by the standpoint of the shareholder. That a railway must increase prosperity as long as it pays a dividend, is supposed to be obvious. People assume as self-evident that railways bring food into a country. They leave other considerations out of the question, such as that stamped coin is given for food, and is brought from cities that obviously, therefore, railways take coin into a country, and corn out of it. And coin is not food.

It is under the spell of the characteristic ideas of this age that we hear seriously of a "money famine." A superstitious reverence associates itself with trade and the stability of finance, and no consideration justifies tampering with these. In the Russian

Famine of 1895, M. Hilkoff, Minister of the Interior, stopped the trains of wheat on their way to Odessa, and ran them into the famine-stricken districts. To this good man it seemed obvious that what hungry people needed was bread. The British in India, on the contrary, shrink with horror from any act so calculated to ruffle the composure of the merchant. They venture on no remedy that would disturb the operations of commerce. The correct theoretical relation between man, money, and food must be observed at all costs, even if only in resemblance. And in this way they arrive at the startling paradox that what a hungryman needs is work!

It is interesting to note, however, that one order produces, for a given brain, both God and the Devil. For while financial considerations now supply the supreme object of reverence, it is also held in all good faith by minds of this class that famines are produced in India by the habit of "engrossing," selfishly practised on the part of local shopkeepers for their own profit. It is difficult to persuade a man who is capable of entertaining this theory, that while it would account for a few trade credits and debits, it would never account for the famine itself, the actual occasion of the said losses and gains.

The Financial Age accepts the conclusion of its progenitor, the age of Empire, that increase of population shows general prosperity, because this is not a

problem that belongs to its own form of research. It is not, therefore, called to any individual opinion on the point. If it were, however, a budget and a list of Post Office savings would furnish its main store of facts, and it would be found capable of arguing that a country in which sixty million people were being seriously affected by loss of harvests was growing steadily richer.

As a matter of fact, we must, in considering such questions as the increase of population or the causes of famine, distinguish carefully between the imperial or financial theories of the thing, and the actual facts themselves. We must determine what constitutes prosperity from the people's point of view, and see whether this is aided by growth of population or the reverse. Also we must consider special cases of famine, and determine what are the essential facts of each.

II

Man's individual hope has always lain along the line of the effort to perfect some special process. But in doing this, as we saw behind all the raising of castles and hurling of arrows in the Middle Ages, he has subserved a larger function, his collective activity, that of earth-remaking, the technical and geotechnic processes. Combined with these, and overwhelming them, is their common resultant, the evolutionary or

man-making tendency. In these three, technics, geotechnics and evolution, is summed up the significance of every period.

The industrial arts of the Middle Ages were progressively synthetised and applied in the spread of agriculture and the growth of the burghs. This was earth-remaking. But the ultimate meaning of even a phenomenon so imposing as this must be sought outside itself, in the manner of men and nations which it produced.

In the same way, the revolution is based on a renewal of processes. But the needs of extended productivity compel an empire. Again the value of empires will be estimated finally by their effect on the humanity which they involve. And here, incontestably quality will supersede quantity.

We cease then to be able to applaud a mere growth of population. We cannot even be congratulatory when we have assured ourselves that this was due to a fall in the price of bread. We are still less complacent when it is accompanied by scarcity of the elements of physical well-being. In either case the result tends to be the same, degradation of type followed by famine or famine followed by degradation of type.

Facts. So far we have been establishing a theory. We have laid down considerations which should guide us in determining the value of certain

phenomena, in regard to famine and excessive population. Let us proceed to the examination of actual facts of famine. With regard to Ireland in 1846, it is no uncommon thing to hear the remark, "it was a money-famine." This expression, in itself, has no meaning, since men cannot eat money. But what the speaker really intends to convey is the fact that there was grain enough in Ireland in that year, and food of the best kinds enough to have fed a population many times greater than actually died of want. What the dying people needed was money to arrest the export which was steadily proceeding the while. It was not the loss of quantity which affected the country so disastrously, but unevenness of distribution. It does not need Sir Robert Ball's delightful story, to convince us of the importance of distribution as a factor in provisioning. The astronomer has been explaining to the young man from Manchester how a succession of eight month winters and four month summers had produced the Glacial Period of Northern Hemisphere. But the young man was hard to convince. "I do not see," he remarked, "how that could be—since you say that the total amount of heat in the year was always the same. How could a mere change of distribution make any difference?" Sir Robert eyed his man. "Do you keep a horse?" he said. "Yes." "What do you give him?" "A stone of oats a day." "Well," said the

astronomer gently, "just try two stones a day for six months, and then other six months give him nothing and see what 'mere' re-distribution will do!" So with the Irish Famine. It was merely the distribution of food that was at fault. The story has been put on record by eye-witnesses, of the carts leaving the villages laden with butter and cheese and farm produce, and passing to the coast along roads where every now and then men, women and children lay dying or dead for want of food.

The fact is, in every country there is a caste-system of food stuffs. In Ireland, the highest classes live on wheat, flesh, milk and eggs. A lower rank consumes oatmeal, herrings and buttermilk. Still further down comes the population that lives on the protato. And after them is nothing save the grass and bark of famine. Obviously, if the wheat-crop fail, the class that depended on it heretofore will fall back on other foods, including the oatmeal of the next caste, for an equal bulk of consumable material. The lower caste will have recourse to the potato which will consequently rise in price, and the lowest class will find food scarce. The heaviest incidence of the scarcity will fall on them even when it is not their own crop which has failed. But there are mitigating circumstances in this case. In the first place the whole society feels the pinch at the same time. There is a certain lightening of the social bond, with a possibility

of guaging the extent of the need by the price of the commodity. Secondly, although the potato rises in value, it is not wholly withdrawn from its consumers. An equal bulk of potatoes for the wheat withdrawn, is not of equal value as nourishment. Moreover, as the potato-eater has received money for his sale, it is possible to make a commercial re-adjustment, which for his own shake, he will affect as rapidly as possible. Obviously, under failure of the wheat-crop the lower classes do not remain unaffected, but they are not necessarily affected to the degree of famine.

What happened in 1846 was somewhat different. The potatoes rotted in the field. The experiments of certain biological workers on reproduction by fission have established a law which enables us to recognise this phenomenon as perfectly natural and calculable for the future. But in 1846 it came as a surprise. And it fell heavily on no class save that which depended on the crop for its staple article of diet. It selected these out and killed them, as soon as their power of living on grass and bark was exhausted. The fact that other commodities were almost undisturbed in value, and that export went on amongst the exporters as usual, has given rise to the fallacy that the Irish famine was a "money famine." It fell on those who are always suffering from "money famine," but it was itself an added burden of loss of

even such food as is possible under similar financial distress. We see, therefore, what is meant by this expression.

Let us turn to the present Indian famine.[1] Sixty or seventy millions of people are being affected by what is, we are loudly assured, the act of God. Five or six millions of those who have reached the depth of starvation are on the relief works. What is the meaning of this?

In the first place, the act of God, as it is called, undoubtedly exists. There has been failure of crops in a certain part of central India, caused by want of rain for some years in succession. This must be admitted. The evidence assures us that such are the facts. But in case of natural disaster there is always a second factor to consider—and that is the resistance which the country is able to oppose to it.

We are continually assured that India is in a state of growing prosperity under our rule. Is her inability to meet the persent crisis a sign of her growing prosperity? Let us look at the facts fairly.

The arguments put forward in proof of the beneficence of our rule are two-fold, (1) the increase of population, (2) the spread of the railway system, the control of the forests, and the cutting of canals. As to the advantage of the last-named public works there can be no doubt. If we could turn all our

[1] These lectures were delivered in the year 1900.

energy to canal-making, we should be sure of improving the country in one respect at least.

As to the control of the forests, there is some question whether we are not largely responsible for a change of climate in Central India, by our own waste of forests, which is directly behind the present catastrophe. On both these points of irrigation and afforestation, there is a distinctly constructive policy open to the English Government, which needs further development and indefinite multiplication of strength.

But when we come to the spread of the railway system, we include a more doubtful feature amongst our geotechnic activities. The railway adds nothing to the productivity of the soil; it merely aids re-distribution. As a matter of fact, this re-distribution always acts by centralising markets. The goods of the country are eaten in the city. The peasant who can now only sell his commodities in a certain given place may not be richer ultimately for the power to get there. The fare may absorb his margin of profit. Therefore the fact that railways are much used does not prove anything about their usefulness. That could only be established as a general thesis by a careful series of observations in various countries during a term of years. It is our personal conviction that such observations would lead to the conclusion that they are destructive of prosperity

rather than the reverse. And that Central India is as exact proof of this as Siberia or Russia can furnish, we have no doubt. Since the point is so disputable, therefore, we cannot accept railways as an evidence of the good wrought by English rule, and the growth of population, as we have seen, is rather a sign of misery than of a flourishing condition.

It is indeed an evidence of the pre-social unscientific state of our thought on such subjects that we can offer arguments such as these in all good faith. Obviously, Empire is designed primarily for the good of the ruler, and could accrue to the advantage of the governed only if conducted in a spirit persistently generous and illumined by scientific knowledge of the most real kind. It would be too much to claim that either of these characteristics is ours. The utmost that we can do at present is to assert a dogged honesty on the part of European races in facing truth, however disagreeable, and putting an end to our own misconceptions.

But what have been the causes of the Indian Famine? Partly natural catastrophe, no doubt; partly social and political, certainly; but exactly what, as yet undetermined. Yet some few points with regard to famine in general are settled. First, growth of population is *not*, in itself, any sign of national prosperity. Secondly, to say that a famine such as we are now witnessing is the result of the tricks of local

grain-merchants is foolish; and if it were true, we have the remedy in our own hands,—immediate stoppage of grain-export at the ports. This would disturb the natural course of trade, however, and we are under the superstitions of the Age of Finance, so we do not venture on such a step. And thirdly, it is surely evident that relief ought to be organised on a progressive basis, and that it is not at present so organised.

There is something diabolical in the account which an honest English traveller recently gave of a visit to India. He had spoken with the greatest enthusiasm of the administration, and being asked what had so impressed him by its munificence, made this extraordinary reply—"They are tackling the problem of the famine," he said, "and I am especially delighted with this, because for a whole day's work they are not paying a whole day's wages, and thereby they avoid disturbing the course of trade."

True Tests of Progress. What are then, the true tests of a growing prosperity? This question is easily answered. In the first place, are processes being developed? Other things being equal, that country which is ceasing to export manufactures, and taking entirely to raw material is becoming impoverished. Certainly that country which is ceasing to produce manufactured goods to meet its own requirements, and beginning to import the necessaries of life, is

being essentially impoverished. But it is not enough that men should continue to meet their own needs, nor even that they should progressively modify the means by which they do this. This is little better than a stationary condition. *They must remake their country.* Most of the European landscape is entirely artificial.

Heather is as much of man's ordering on a Scottish moor as wheat in an English field. It is easy to admit that the scenery of Berkshire or of Normandy is not Nature but Art. The geotechnic test, then, is fairly to be applied to all places for which a claim of progression is made. How far is Siberia a land of fields and cities, of quarries and hedges? How far is the growth of human habitations intelligent and beautiful? How far are the forces of nature at the bidding of man? In the Tropics what is being done for re-afforestation, for irrigation? Who is taming the desert? Who is improving the milking cow who is enriching the wheat? The French in Algeria are engaged on oasis-making. This is one of the noblest activities of our epoch. It is one of an endless possible series, pointing to an ultimate transformation of the Sahara into a renewal of the earthly Paradise. In the same way the dessication of Asia is a problem which engages the earnest attention of geographers and geotechnists, for the scope which it affords to future activity of this

order. There is no reason why the rivers should continue to run into the sea. They may well be harnessed to the plough of Agriculture, and drawn aside from their original outlet. Other and vaster functions can be discovered for the waterfalls which shall substitute a new beauty for the old. This is enough to suggest the immense possibilities of industrial development which our planet contains. A few centuries hence, when man's outlook upon life is better informed and organised than at present, society will look back with amazement upon a period when crowds of starving unemployed assailed the gates of rich people whose fortunes were devoted to the production of *pate de foie gras*[1] for private consumption. The point of view that saw nothing to be done for the increase of the food supply in the 19th century will be inconceivable to the minds of that generation, and they will survey calmly a long series of French Revolutions, by which such a mental confusion will have been eliminated, as something beneficial in the main to the human race.

Perhaps the most civilised countries in the world, from this geotechnic point of view have been ancient Egypt and modern China and Flanders. Paris occupies the corresponding place amongst modern cities. And in the case of the French population we come

[1] An epicurian delicacy consisting of the morbidley-fattened liver of the goose.

upon what ought to be a hint of one of the great evolutionary consequences of this creative collaboration—the moralisation of marriage, leading to self-regulation of numbers which will arise with the heightening of the sense of moral and social responsibility. Because this is a necessary characteristic of a further evolved humanity, we do not need to fear that future progress will be simply a climbing of the hill to find the same problems begin over again at its top. First, improved methods of raising crops; second, only the best crops and plenty of them. Something like these are the immediate step in the line of advance. But they necessitate and imply the third. If the soil of a country be bettered by making of its people a race of slaves, there is no gain. The more human beings are raised to the human level,—the more the Messianic hope is kneaded to into common man,—so much the greater is our civilisation. This and no other, must be its ultimate test. Where standards conflict this consideration must have the casting vote. Not New Zealand, but the land where provocation to the highest life is greatest, will, after all, stand first. By its influence not simply on national prosperity, but on national man and woman making *through* prosperity must the work of a country be judged at last.

Conversely, we cannot establish any quantitative standard of progress whatever. This is an age of

the improvement of transport. The world is being centralised by railways, telegraphs and electrical machinery. Unless all this adds to the fitness of the earth for man on the one hand, and to the manhood of man on the other, it is no advance but rather a retrogression.

Not the rapid multiplication of consumers, but the extension of the best crops is the programme before us. We have once more to set to work to make the herth a fit dwelling place. Forests, canals, improved varieties of wheat and rice—these things are gains in geotechnics, and to use them we do not want more men, but better men,—men of greater wisdom, strength, and mastery than heretofore. For the bringing down of the Messianic hope to common life is the end of all things. The nations live on in the hope of the childhood that shall be. First, the physical basis, and then the moral and intellectual ideal, such are the lists that must be fulfilled. This can only be achieved in proportion as we substitute vital for wasteful activities in any given area. We must know that the provision of sound education for the people is a greater proof of our beneficence than any increase of revenue; that justification of conquest lies in multiplication of careers for the ruled, not the ruling classes, that no nation could be rich that spent its money lawfully.

In this way are produced royal races like the ancient Greeks. Genius is created and conserved, as in modern France. Practical problems find a national solution, as in China. And last of all perhaps, the hope and philosophy that it has taken centuries to gain, are given to the world at large, to form a historic faith, as ancient India to modern Europe, Arabia to Africa, and it may be, India to the humanity of the future.

[As in honour bound, I have reported the teachings which I heard in Paris in the year 1900 from a group of sociologists of European reputation, as I conceive that they intended them. For the benefit of my readers, however, I would point out, that even scholars find it difficult to be altogether disinterested. To the Indian youth it ought not to be a question as to what the French do or do not do in Algeria, or what the English do in India. The question is, what is he himself prepared to do for his own country? Foreign organisers may be reminded of one of the basic truths of educational science that 'when we do for a learner what the learner might have done for himself, we injure and cannot boast of benefitting him.']—*Hindustan Review.*

THE NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S LIFE AND WORK

OF the bodily presence of him who was known to the world as Vivekananda, all that remains to-day is a bowl of ashes. The light that has burned in seclusion during the last five years by our river side, has gone out now. The great voice that rang out across the nations is hushed in death. Life came often to this mighty soul as storm and pain. But the end was peace. Silently, at the close of evensong, on a dark night of Kali, came the benediction of death. The weary and tortured body was laid down gently and the triumphant spirt was restored to the eternal samadhi.

He passed, when the laurels of his first achievements were yet green. He passed, when new and greater calls were ringing in his ears. Quietly, in the beautiful home of his illness, the intervening years with some few breaks, went by amongst plants and animals, unostentatiously training the disciples who gathered round him, silently ignoring the great fame that had shone upon his name. Man-making was his own stern brief summary of the work that

Swami Vivekananda

was worth doing. And laboriously, unflaggingly, day after day, he set himself to man-making, playing the part of Guru, of father, even of schoolmaster, by turns. The very afternoon of the day he left us, had he not spent three hours in giving a Sanskrit lesson on the Vedas?

External success and leadership were nothing to such a man. During his years in the West, he made rich and powerful friends, who would gladly have retained him in their midst. But for him, the Occident, with all its luxuries, had no charms. To him, the garb of a beggar, the lanes of Calcutta, and the disabilities of his own people, were more dear than all the glory of the foreigner, and detaining hands had to loose their hold of one who passed ever onward toward the East.

What was that the West heard in him, leading so many to hail and cherish his name as that of one of the greatest religious teachers of the world? He made no personal claim. He told no personal story. One whom he knew and trusted long had never heard that he held any position of distinction amongst his Guru-bhais. He made no attempt to popularise with strangers any single form of creed, whether of God or Guru. Rather, through him the mighty torrent of Hinduism poured forth its cooling waters upon the intellectual and spiritual worlds, fresh from its secret sources in Himalayan snows. A witness to the vast

religious culture of Indian homes and holy men he could never cease to be. Yet he quoted nothing but the Upanishadas. He taught nothing but the Vedanta. And men trembled, for they heard the voice for the first time of the religious teacher who feared not Truth.

Do we not all know the song that tells of Siva as he passes along the roadside, "Some say He is mad. Some say He is the Devil. Some say—don't you know?—He is the Lord Himself!"? Even so India is familiar with the thought that every great personality is the meeting-place and reconciliation of opposing ideals. To his disciples, Vivekananda will ever remain the arch-tybe of the Sannyasin. Burning renunciation was chief of all the inspirations that spoke to us through him. "Let me die a true Sannyasin as my Master did," he exclaimed once, passionately, "heedless of money, of women, and of fame! And of these the most insidious is the love of fame!" Yet the self-same destiny that filled him with this burning thirst of intense vairagyam embodied in him also the ideal householder—full of the yearning to protect and save, eager to learn and teach the use of materials, reaching out towards the reorganisation and re-ordering of life. In this respect, indeed, he belonged to the race of Benedict and Bernard, of Robert de Citcaux and Loyola. It may be said that just as in Francis of Assissi, the

robe of the Indian Sannyasin gleams for a moment in the history of the Catholic Church, so in Vivekananda the great saint, abbots of Western monasticism are born anew in the East.

Similarly, he was at once a sublime expression of superconscious religion and one of the greatest patriots ever born. He lived at a moment of national disintegration, and he was fearless of the new. He lived when men were abandoning their inheritance, and he was an ardent worshipper of the old. In him the national destiny fulfilled itself, that a new wave of consciousness should be inaugurated always in the leaders of the Faith. In such a man it may be that we possess the whole Veda of the future. We must remember however, that the moment has not come for gauging the religious significance of Vivekananda. Religion is living seed, and his sowing is but over. The time of his harvest is not yet.

But death actually gives the Patriot to his country. When the master has passed away from the midst of his disciples, when the murmers of his critics are all hushed at the burning-ghat, then the great voice that spoke of freedom rings out unchallenged and whole nations answer as one man. Here was a mind that had had unique opportunities of observing the people of many countries intimately. East and West he had seen and been received by the high and low alike. His brilliant intellect

had never failed to gauge what it saw. "America will solve the problems of the Sudra; but through what awful turmoil!" he said many times. On a second visit, however, he felt tempted to change his mind, seeing the greed of wealth and the lust of oppression in the West, and comparing these with the calm dignity and ethical stability of the old Asiatic solutions formulated by China many centuries ago. His great acumen was yoked to a marvellous humanity. Never had we dreamt of such a gospel of hope for the Negro as that with which he rounded on an American gentleman who spoke of the African races with contempt. And when, in the Southern States he was occasionally taken for "a coloured man," and turned away from some door as such (a mistake that was always atoned for as soon as discovered by the lavish hospitality of the most responsible families of the place), he was never known to deny the imputation. "Would it not have been refusing my brother?" he said simply when he was asked the reason of this silence.

To him each race had its own greatness and shone in the light of that central quality. There was no Europe without the Turk, no Egypt without the development of the people of the soil. England had grasped the secret of obedience with self-respect. To speak of any patriotism in the same breath with Japan's was sacrilege.

What then was the prophecy that Vivekananda left to his own people? With what national significance has he filled that gerrua mantle that he dropped behind him in his passing? Is it for us perhaps to lift the yellow rags upon our flagpole, and carry them forward as our banner? Assuredly—For here was a man who never dreamt of failure. Here was a man who spoke of naught but strength. Supremely free from sentimentality, supremely defiant of all authority (are not missionary slanders still ringing in our ears? Are not some of them to be accepted with fresh accessions of pride?) he refused to meet any foreigner save as the master. "The Swami's genius lies in his dignity," said an Englishman who knew him well, "it is nothing short of royal!" He had grasped the great fact that the East must come to the West, not as a sycophant, not as a servant, but as Guru and teacher, and never did he lower the flag of his personal ascendancy. "Let Europeans lead us in Religion!" he would say, with a scorn too deep to be anything but merry. "I have never spoken of revenge," he said once. "I have always spoken of strength. Do we dream of revenging ourselves on this drop of sea-spray? But it is a great thing to a mosquito!"

To him, nothing Indian required apology. Did anything seem, to the pseudo-refinement of the alien, barbarous or crude? Without denying, without

minimising anything his colossal energy was immediately concentrated on the vindication of that particular point, and the unfortunate critic was tossed backwards and forwards on the horns of his own argument. One such instance occured when an Englishman on boardship asked him some sneering question about the Puranas, and never can any who were present forget how he was pulverised, by a reply that made the Hindu Puranas, compare favourably with the Christian Gospels, but planted the Vedas and Upanishads high up beyond the reach of any rival. There was no friend that he would not sacrifice without mercy at such a moment in the name of National Defence. Such an attitude was not, perhaps, always reasonable. It was often indeed frankly unpleasant. But it was superb in the manliness that even enemies must admire. To Vivekananda, again, everything Indian was absolutely and equally sacred—"This land to which must come all souls wending their way Godward!" his religious consciousness tenderly phrased it. At Chicago, any Indian man attending the Great World Bazaar, rich or poor, high or low, Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi, what not might at any moment be brought by him to his hosts for hospitality and entertainment and they well knew that any failure of kindness on their part to the least of these would immediately have cost them his presence.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

He was himself the exponent of Hinduism, but finding another Indian religionist struggling with the difficulty of presenting his case, he sat down and wrote his speech for him, making a better story for his friend's faith than its own adherent could have done!

He took infinite pains to teach European disciples to eat with their fingers, and perform the ordinary simple acts of Hindu life. "Remember, if you love India at all, you must love her as she is, not as you might wish her to become" he used to say. And it was this great firmness of his, standing like a rock for what actually was, that did more than any other single fact, perhaps, to open the eyes of those aliens who loved him to the beauty and strength of that ancient poem—the common life of the common Indian people. For his own part, he was too free from the desire for approbation to make a single concession to new-fangled ways. The best of every land had been offered him, but it left him still the simple Hindu of the old style, too proud of his simplicity to find any need of change. "After Ramakrishna, I follow Vidyasagar!" he exclaimed, only two days before his death, and out came the oft-repeated story of the wooden sandals coming pitter patter with the chudder and dhoti, into the Vice-regal Council Chamber, and the surprised "But if you didn't want me, why did you

ask me to come"? of the old Pundit, when they remonstrated.

Such points, however, are only interesting as personal characteristics. Of a deeper importance is the question as to the conviction that spoke through them. What was this? Whether did it tend? His whole life was a search for the common basis of Hinduism. To his sound judgment the idea that two pice postage, cheap travel, and a common language of affairs could create a national unity, was obviously childish and superficial. These things could only be made to serve old India's turn if she already possessed a deep organic unity of which they might conveniently become an expression. Was such a unity existent or not? For something like eight years he wandered about the land changing his name at every village, learning of every one he met, gaining a vision as accurate and minute as it was profound and general. It was this great quest that overshadowed him with its certainty when, at the Parliament of Religions, he stood before the West and proved that Hinduism converged upon a single imperative of perfect freedom so completely as to be fully capable of intellectual aggression as any other faith.

It never occurred to him that his own people were in any respect less than the equals of any other nation whatsoever. Being well aware that religion

was their national expression, he was also aware that the strength which they might display in that sphere, would be followed before long, by every other conceivable form of strength.

As a profound student of caste—his conversation teemed with its unexpected particulars and paradoxes! —he found the key to Indian unity in its exclusiveness. Muhammadans were but a single caste of the nation. Christians another, Parsis another, and so on! It was true that of all these (with the partial exception of the last), non-belief in caste was a caste distinction. But then, the same was true of the Brahmo Samaj and other modern sects of Hinduism. Behind all alike stood the great common facts of one soil; one beautiful old routine of ancestral civilisation; and the overwhelming necessities that must inevitably lead at last to common loves and common hates.

But he had learnt, not only the hopes and ideals of every sect and group of the Indian people, but their memories also. A child of the Hindu quarter of Calcutta, returned to live by the Ganges-side, one would have supposed from his enthusiasm that he had been born, now in the Punjab, again in the Himalayas, at a third moment in Rajputana, or elsewhere. The songs of Guru Nanak alternated with those of Meera Bai and Thana Sena on his lips. Stories of Prithvi Rai and Delhi jostled against those of Cheetore and Pratab Singh, Siva and Uma, Radha

and Krishna, Sita-Ram and Buddha. Each mighty drama lived in a marvellous actuality, when he was the player. His whole heart and soul was a burning epic of the country, touched to an overflow of mystic passion by her very name.

Seated in his retreat at Belur, Vivekananda received visits and communications from all quarters. The vast surface might be silent, but deep in the heart of India, the Swami was never forgotten. None could afford, still fewer wished, to ignore him. No hope but was spoken into his ear—no woe but he knew it, and strove to comfort or to rouse. Thus, as always in the case of a religious leader the India that he saw, presented a spectacle strangely unlike that visible to any other eye. For he held in his hands the thread of all that was fundamental, organic, vital; he knew the secret springs of life; he understood with what word to touch the heart of millions. And he had gathered from all this knowledge a clear and certain hope.

Let others blunder as they might. To him, the country was young, the Indian vernaculars still unformed, flexible, the national energy unexploited. The India of his dreams was in the future. The new phase of consciousness initiated to-day through pain and suffering was to be but first step in a long evolution. To him his country's hope was in herself. Never in the alien. True, his great heart embraced

the alien's need, sounding a universal promise to the world. But he never sought for help, or begged assistance. He never leaned on any, what might be done, it was the doer's privilege to do, not the recipient's to accept. He had neither fears nor hopes from without. To reassert that which was India's essential self, and leave the great stream of the national life, strong in a fresh self-confidence and vigour, to find its own way, to the ocean, this was the meaning of his sannyas. For his was pre-eminently the sannyas of the greater service. To him, India was Hinduistic, Aryan, Asiatic. Her youth might make their own experiments in modern luxury. Had they not the right? Would they not return? But the great deeps of her being were moral, austere and spiritual. A people who could embrace death by the Ganges-side were not long to be distracted by the glamour of mere mechanical power.

Buddha had preached renunciation, and in two centuries India had become an Empire. Let her but once more feel the great pulse through all her veins, and no power on earth would stand before her newly awakened energy. Only, it would be in her own life that she would find life, not in imitation! from her own proper past and environment that she would draw inspiration, not from the foreigner. For he who thinks himself weak is weak: he who believes

that he is strong is already invincible. And so for his nation, as for every individual, Vivekananda had but one word, one constantly reiterated message:

"Awake! Arise! Struggle on.
And stop not till the
Goal is reached!"—*The Hindu.*

THE FIRST CITIZEN OF BENGAL

THERE is no son or daughter of India who will not take the untimely loss of Mr. A. M. Bose as an irreparable bereavement. To many it will serve like a personal loss, for he had a gift, far above the common, of giving himself closely and entirely to those who sought his counsel or asked his service. And these were innumerable. Indeed, to some of those who knew him best it may seem as if a less untiring helpfulness, a more discriminating generosity in giving himself, might have kept him longer in our midst. The fruit was ripe, it is true, but might it not have hung longer on the tree? And full ten years too soon, we have lost one of the noblest sons of the motherland.

Mr. A. M. Bose's public career and its distinctions are known to all of us. They are in all men's mouths; and if a measure of his ability is needed, we may find it, in the words of Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, who, after having seen Mr. Bose to conduct a political meeting for him exclaimed. "If that man would only stay in England, he might try to be Prime Minister!" But

brilliant as was his mind, the supreme value of his life to his own country lies in the fact that his *character* towered high above it. Gifted with the full Hindu measure of the capacity for sainthood, he nevertheless set his face freely towards the realisation of citizenship instead. His whole mind was concentrated on his country, and even more than his mind, his heart. This was so much the case indeed, that in the years of illness which have now ended fatally, his thoughts were constantly upon public affairs, and this fact was felt by his family as a serious difficulty in nursing him. He would weep as he read the news of the day, and no personal sorrow seemed to touch him like those magnified and extended tragedies which to-day are so closely associated with the name of India. It is the love and incorruptibility of such souls as this that form the best promise of the present for the mourning Motherland. I write as a disciple of a movement which feels that his devotion and disinterestedness were not the only things for which we, the followers of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, will do well to honour the name of A. M. Bose.

Over and above this, his was the realisation of that universality of sympathy, that Catholicity of heart, which to us are as a watch-word. His was the position of President in the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, of which the Swami Vivekananda, as a young man, was a formal member. He belonged, in fact, to a

sect, and in a sense to a rival sect to that of the disciples of Ramakrishna. Yet his was the first hand shake of welcome to greet our great leader when he landed in Calcutta on his return from the West. The Swami Vivekananda never forgot this fact. "All fight between us was forgotten," Mr. Bose also used to say, "and all he could remember was that an Indian had done something!" This was not, probably, either the first or the last time that Mr. A. M. Bose showed such large-heartedness. For it was no effort to him, but came freely and spontaneously. Indeed he could not have imagined feeling or acting differently. But on this occasion, he met with one as generous as himself to understand the rarity of such brotherhood.

A stern sense of justice and inflexible integrity were Mr. Bose's characteristics in dealing with authority. He never let things slide or called laziness by the name of mercy. He withdrew his name from the University Text-Book Committee, when it framed rules that he felt honest men could not condone. And the most pitiful feature of the Senate of the Calcutta University, under the new Act, was, in Bengali eyes, its attempt to constitute itself without his presence. Of his connection with the cause of nationality, it is needless to speak! such devotion as his makes of it a religion. Those who were present at the burning-ghat, on the morning of the 21st

August, saw in that place on the heart where the men of more favoured countries might have worn their sovereign's decorations, in that place where the *Sadhu* might have held his *Gita* and his beads, in that place where many of us carry the *Ishtam*, nothing more than a scrap of embroidered silk bearing the inscription. . . *Bande mataram.* Nor does any one need to be reminded of the great ceremony, of the 16th October, last year in which the foundation-stone of the Federation Hall was laid in his name and in which his presence and his part will for ever assure that the spot shall be looked upon as an altar, the day as a sacred anniversary. Whenever he passed that place afterwards, he said to some one, he made a silent salutation. For verily, he could not but regard it as the most sacred of all the temples of the Motherland. He had come there from his death-bed, he told the people, and his words have proved to be only too true. But now that this first of our standard-bearers has fallen, shall not a thousand leap forward to carry into the fire of battle those colours he held so high ?

The permanance of a movement, said the Swami Vivekananda, is a question of the character it represents. Let us who are called by a religious name be the first to acknowledge that the great civic ideal which A. M. Bose, and the men standing round him and owning his influence, have built up amongst us,

when judged by this test, promises a mighty future. Let us take this life, so unspotted in its record, so noble in its achievement, and, by loving imitation, let us make it our own. It is possible for Indian men to be great citizens and loyal sons of India, for here is one who has done it. May he be but the first of a great new order.

Aveel vale! Hail and farewell! So said the Latin peoples to their honoured dead. But for us, here there shall be no *vale!* Rather in each civic and national hero of the future shall we feel that we have a right to greet once more the departed greatness of Ananda Mohan Bose. For he went first along that road, where to follow him, in the after-time, there shall be many millions.

Let us make our own his incorruptibility, his chivalry for the defenceless and unknown, and, above all, his stern passion for righteousness. And we may rest assured that if we can make of ourselves such characters, there is no power on earth that can defeat us. For freedom cannot be achieved without free hearts and free minds, nor, to men who have these, can it be long refused. Blessed are these, for they force open the Kingdom of Heaven, and all the world enters in their wake.

And so in the beautiful words of the Hindu benediction, may it be unto him "Peace! Peace! Peace!" and may he attain the fulfilment of his heart's desire.

—*Indian World.*

REVIVAL OR REFORM?

How did the 'Pope go to Avignon? says a European proverb. '*En-protestant*'—as a protestant.

EVEN the Pope, then, in face of an usurper, may, till he is reinstated, act the part of a protestant. Even a Hindu, in a similar place, may call himself a reformer. It would be sad, however, if the Pope, in love with the attitude of a protestor, were permanently tinged with the originality and discontent of that character. The great church of which he is the head, divided thus against herself, could no long stand intact under the blows that would then be dealt her by her chief pastor. And similarly of the reformer. The work of reform is always limited in any given direction, and nothing can be more mischievous than the temper of the professional reformer. One reform there indeed is, which may be pursued day and night, in season and out of season, but this is the reform effected by pure ideas. The same universality does not belong to reform proper, that is to say to the displacement of one institution by another. Never, for instance, can

we sufficiently realise, never can any sufficiently aid us to realise, the highest ideal of faithfulness in woman. But who could presume to dictate to another the form in which this should be pursued? Picture the folly of one who tried to force the exclusive imitation of the Blessed Virgin on unwilling followers in the East, or that of Sita on equally reluctant disciples in the West! Imagine the disastrous removal of all familiar exemplars in order to spread submission to the ideal of the preacher. It is clear that the result would be moral and social chaos. Only the pure idea, the concept of faith and purity itself, can be universal. The form must always be of localised application. Only the crusader of the ideal, then, can claim passports without limitation. The rights of the reformer of institutions are definite, and have a beginning and an end.

It follows that the ideal itself binds together both reforming and unreforming. For if it be universal, it must be common to these two. In the great ends of human striving, the orthodox and the modern are at one. Both alike are struggling to reach the ideal. Both alike recognise good as good and evil as evil. We may take it, however, that the reformer is often one who understands the reality of a need to which the rest of his society is blind. The members of the Arya Samaj for instance, are admirably sane, in their attitude towards the waters of baptism. It

would be well if Orthodox Hinduism could see as far. How shall they, in whose veins flows the blood of the rishis be permanently contaminated by a Christian ablution? It is perhaps strange that those who talk most of the rishis should attribute least of saving efficacy to their kinship. Orthodox Hinduism will lose a great deal, in this hour of a deepening nationalism, if she can find no way to take back her christianised children, who seek reconciliation with their own mother.

We are usually one-sided in our perceptions. All the world must prostrate itself in admiration before women who were capable of performing suttee. But Ram Mohan Roy was indubitably right when he took any means that lay to his hand to forbid women in future that liberty. The patriot admires the heroic wifehood and admires also the lion-hearted reformer. Hinduism has appropriated, in this matter, the labours of the agitator. Hindus know well that his stern prohibition must be eternally enforced. They hold only that in his person,—original as was his impulse, national as was his whole upbringing—it should be recognised that a Hindu and not fereigners, put an end to custom.

Ram Mohan Roy's was the apostolate. The response of his own people was the sanction. All that foreigners contributed was the assistance of the police, on definite occasions.

This is indeed the mode of all social progression. Custom grows rigid or becomes exaggerated. Protest arises in the person of seer or saint or teacher, and society opens her arms, embraces her rebel son, and takes her stand henceforth on that wider basis which his work has built for her.

Or to put it otherwise, a healthy reform group represents an experiment in the laboratory of social growth. The Brahmo Samaj in Bengal may be looked upon as a community segregating itself from Orthodox Society for the purpose of working out certain results that were requisite to that society itself. It was desirable to show that Hinduism was capable of offering all that Christianity could offer in the religious life and organisation, without de-nationalism. The tragedy of Christianity in India is its imperialistic character. It may be quite true that the under-dog is not always in the right, still, no self-respecting under-dog will wag his tail over the upper dog's statement of his own ideals! But congregational worship, the weekly sermon, the Sunday-School and the mutual aid of sectarian organisation, were undoubtedly valuable contributions to the social side of religious activity.

On the purely human side, again by opening society to women, Brahmoism silently made the important assertion that men stand or fall by their obedience to as high a moral standard as is required

of their wives and sisters. Henceforth, in fine Indian Society, men must be ashamed to associate even with men, if these should be unfit for the finer tests imposed by the company of good women. The beautiful old reverence of the orthodox for womanhood was not lost; the exquisite reserve of the Indian householder, guarding the privacy of his home, remained. Only for those who were proved worthy of the honour, there was now opened a social sanctum where fine men might meet good women and make an exchange of courtesy and thought.

Freedom as to food and marriage did not mean the transcending of all social limitations. The Brahmo appears to the outsider to be as much a man of his own class as any other. But wherever he may have come from, belongs to a caste now, that is determined by its education, and any newcomer may join it, by reaching the required development.

Work and citizenship, meanwhile were being realised as religious avocations. Only in some such way could a great public life be built up. New types were being prepared and channels opened at the same time for their social activity. The Brahmo who has travelled far to find knowledge is invited, on his return, to share his treasure with his own people, and amongst Indian religious sects I know of no other in Calcutta who can invite every

distinguished stranger who visits the city to come and tell his tale of knowledge to a full house.

The Pope went to Avignon as a protestant. True. But he came back. And when he did return, it was as good Catholic, glad to be at home, in familiar places, glad to be freed from the necessity of protesting against anything. So of reforms in general. A good deal of dust is stirred up by their inception. A good deal of antagonism and mutual conflict is required at first, partly to weed the ranks of recruits who might not be helpful. But in the end there assuredly comes a time when the pioneer stage of the labour is ended. Then a new duty arises on both sides. On society it is incumbent to appropriate consciously all that the social experiment has achieved and evolved. On the reformers it is desirable to draw closer the bonds that unite them to the old fold, and to sum themselves once more in those communal thoughts and sentiments from which, for a while, they were necessarily isolated.

Then arise fresh and still more living ideals. The divided consciousness of conservatism on one side and new-moulding on the other gives place to the sense of a great task of upbuilding to be performed in common. Men realise that they are after all but the children of their own fathers; that, could they reach the fullest significance of their own institutions,

the achievements would be tantamount to the most perfect reform. The radical sees that his own moral fervour and love of integrity were handed down to him from his orthodox forbears, who must have been to the full as good men as himself. The orthodox man, on his side, realises that a mere religion of the kitchen could never represent *Dharma.* Instead of casting stones at others for their errors of sympathy, it is his duty to widen his own activity. The Brahmo is no longer to be blamed for abandoning the ancient forms of caste, and neither is the orthodox to rest content with his own petrifaction of custom. For Nationality has arisen, as the goal of all sections of society alike, and side by side must work brothers of all shades of opinion, of all forms of energy, for the recreating of the *Dharma*, for the building anew, in the modern world, of *Maha-Bharata*, Heroic India.

II

Our watchword, then, is no longer 'reform!' In its place, we have taken the word 'construct!' We have to re-create the *Dharma.* We have to build again the *Maha-Bharata.* It was said that the church and its protestants, society and the reformer, are now to exchange achievements and become fused once more. For, after all, Humanity is greater than

any church. Society was made for man, not man for Society.

But even reunion must have a principle of unity clearly seen, deeply and definitely followed out. As long as this is lacking, schism and reconciliation alike are but vague driftings, erratic, unreliable. Even the most comprehensive group must have its impulse, its reasons, its goal. The modern sects have shown by facts how useful are the four walls of the congregation to its members. The world of modern India is a tournament, and many are the knights who tilt in it. True. But each one of them began in some smaller world, as part of a limited society. Here he trained himself, first as page, and then as horse—and—swordsman. And here, too in some higher reach of it, he kept vigil all night over his future arms, and received the accolade and spurs that were to fit him for the contents of the wider world without. Where did each of those men who belong now to the whole Indian world find the smaller play-ground of his preparation? This man, undoubtedly, in school or college; another yonder, in village, estate, or kingdom; still a third in the office or at professional work; a fourth amongst his fellows in religion. A society or a nation is rich morally or socially in proportion to the number of institutions it possesses, which offer distinct and well-graduated steps of evolution to their aspirants. A country or a race that

is robbed of all chief appointments in Government, in railway organisation, in administration of great offices and departments, in the activities of shipping and transport, that has no trading organisation of her own, available for her most educated classes, a country or a race that is not consciously making experiments, and coming to conclusions of its own, in agriculture, in commerce, in literature, in art, in science, in public works, in private comfort and utility, in social amelioration, such a country, such a race, is by this fact deprived of thousands of schools of manly character and human development.

It is essential then, that a rich efflorescence of such opportunities be produced. It is essential that the best brains of the race be set to the task. Every industry created, every factory established, however insignificant it may appear in itself, is a school of a manhood, an academy where shrewdness and responsibility and integrity are to be studied in the lesson-book of experience, an *ashrama* where young souls may ascend the first steps of the ladder towards *rishihood.* The task is—the creating of a nation to take possession of its country. The men are to be produced by hard experience. The method is to be unity. But where is this unity to be learnt? The reformers have taught us the value of the fixed congregation that takes a pride in the achievements of its own members. But it could not be expected,

it could not even be desired, that the body of the orthodox should drift into the camp of the heretics. How, then, can they appropriate the results of their experiments? It could not be asked that the reformers should return to the city from which for conscientious reasons they set out, and abandon in the eyes of the world all for which, in the past, they have fought. Where, then, are the two parties to meet and confer together? Where are they to attack the common problem in common? Where and what standard are they to assert their unity? The answer is simple. *They are to meet on the common ground of place.* For rebuilding the *Maha-Bharata*, the village is to be the *work-room.* The city is the factory. The whole country is the site of the new building. In all that concerns the interests of India the neighbours are Indians, willing to avail themselves of all that can be learnt, from far or near, ready to obey any one, whatever his personal convictions on other subjects, who has the strength and wisdom necessary to lead. Nor is this any despairing counsel of perfection. To an enormous extent it is true in India that good neighbourhood creates good feeling. The visitor coming to the city is received and entertained by representatives of all factions and all opinions. This is true of India as perhaps of no other country in the world. So far from there being any colour of truth in the statement that she has been "hopelessly

divided and sub-divided for thousands of years," the very reverse is the case. We do not regard the garden as divided against itself, because the flowers in it are of many different hues. Nor is India divided. She has, on the contrary, unfathomed depths of potentiality for common civic organisation, for united corporate action. But she must understand that she has this power. She must look at her own strength. She must learn to believe in herself. The power of steam is not a whit greater to-day, though it drives the railway engine and the ship, than it was of old, when it merely made the cover rattle over the pot where the rice was cooking. Steam is not more powerful than it was. *But man has recognised its power*. Similarly, we may stand paralysed in all our strength for ages, all for want of knowing that we had that strength. After we have faced the fact, there still remains the problem of how to control and use it. And long vision is not given in this kind to any of us. Only now and then, for hard prayer and struggle, do the mists blow to one side a little, letting us for a moment, catch a glimpse of the mountain path. Yet, without recognition of our strength, there can be no possible question of using it. Without right thought, there cannot possibly be right action. To us, then, the recognition; to us, the thought. India is not divided and sub-divided in any effective sense of those words. She is not divided

in any way that could possibly hinder the working out of a great common nationality. We are working comrades, not because we speak the same language or believe the same creeds. Should I cease to be the brother of my own mother's son because he went abroad and learnt a foreign tongue, or took up the worship of *Mahadev* instead of that of *Vishnu* or *Parthasarathy?* We are working comrades on no basis so limited as that of creed or language, which after all, would limit us geographically to a province and spiritually to a single line of development. We are working comrades *because we are Indians,* children of a single root tree, dwellers around one bamboo clump. Our task is one, the rebuilding of Heroic India. To this every nerve and muscle of us tingle with response. Who so foolish as to imagine that a little political petting and pampering can make half a nation forget its kinship with the other half? Nonsense! We are one! We have not to become one. We are one. Our sole need is *to learn* to demonstrate our unity.—*Indian World.*

NOTE ON INDIAN HISTORIC PAGEANTS

NEWS comes by the present mail of the Warwick Pageant. "The Scenery," says one who was present, "consisted of grass and trees and sky with the River Avon behind. The spectators on each day numbered some five thousand and the performers fifteen hundred at least. The whole began with a procession of fifty Druids, old men clad in white, green and blue with long white beards, carrying the golden sickle and the misleto-bough. Then these took their places behind and remained throughout the performance as chorus. As Queen Elizabeth was rowed down the Avon in her state-barge, words fail to tell how impressive was the scene. When shall we have the history of India represented thus?"

When Indeed? Nothing could be imagined which could better give actuality to the geat progression of Indian history. And a national consciousness expresses itself through history, even as a man realises himself by the memories and associations of his own life. Already the historic drama is proceeding apace amongst us, and our city is realising that the theatre may have the greatest and noblest of all tasks, that of

visualising and spreading a world-changing idea. For some time a further notion has been agitated amongst some of us, namely that of living pictures, or tableaux, of Indian historic cities. A group might easily be arranged, for example, to symbolise Delhi, or Cheetore, or Benares, or Amritsar or Poona. The costumes would be almost as valuable an element in such pictures as the dramatic character of the groups themselves. Thus in a picture of Delhi, red must predominate, in one of Agra, white, and so on. After a series of these symbolic scenes, it might be feasible to have a grouped scene representing the cities of a given period. And finally, by way of the fifth act, as it were, a group, with Delhi high in the centre, representing the historic cities of modern India, first, as they now are, second, as we may yet hope to recreate them.

But the idea of the Historic Pageant is much simpler than this. India is the land of civic pageants. Every wedding, every puja, involves its procession through the lanes, the bazaars, and along the Ganges-side. And in every such procession we find the idea of the pageant in embryo. Here, as in so many other directions also, it needs only that under the master-impulse of nationality, the elements in which our life is already rich shall be swept up and organised, for the expression of a great purpose. Nor need it be supposed that the presence of women is essential to

this. In the days of Shakespeare in England, and in the Greek drama of a Æschylus the place of women on the stage was always taken by boys. Woman has never been seen amongst the actors, when drama was at its greatest. There is no reason whatever, therefore, that such pageants as are here spoken of should be any source of controversy on this much-disputed point. For the whole thing can be organised and carried out by students, would indeed be best done by their means.

Nor ought we to urge the rudeness and simplicity of the means at our disposal. It is not costume, nor scenery, that makes drama great, but its power of dramatic suggestion. A play acted in a village barn, if there be present an actor of genius, may be far more impressive than anything London or Paris can show. If we in India are ever to reach the power to make a Warwick Pageant, *it must be by beginning where we can.* No matter how simple the first attempt, the imagination of the people once at work on the matter, the historic procession will carry itself, each year will see it become more perfect, each occasion will find us more competent to organise it. But from first to last, it will be the intensity of the historic suggestion speaking through it that will make the pageant great and successful. We would like to see it taken up in every village, in every school-room and play-ground. We want the children and the

uneducated to play and pose and group themselves spontaneously, in realisation of their country's history. If this sort of thing could become a passion,—like the imitation of the Ram Lila: among the children and peasants of the Punjab, like the mourning of the Mohurrum amongst the Shiahs of the North West, like the Virasthomi Procession in the Hindu Native States and like that of Janmastomi Day at Dacca, then we might hope that great memories would indeed stir effectively in the minds and hearts of those who are called of the Mother's voice to make themselves once more a mighty nation. For in order that nationality may become a reality, it is essential that the history of the country should become a direct mode of consciousness with all her children.

It is proposed then, that for the celebration of the 16th of October—All India Day—in this and succeeding years, while the religious ceremony will always of course be the *Rakhi bondhon*, the tying of the *Rakhi*, there should also be a civic ceremony consisting of a historic pageant by the students through the streets. It is proposed that the cart or dais so much used in marriage processions should here be employed for the historic groups. Before each dais or cart will go the *shonk*-blowers and heralds of that scene and after it will come musicians and banners. There might be from twelve to

twenty scenes altogether. But in the last, modern India should be depicted mourning. The procession might take place by day-light, or at night by torch-light. In the latter case, it might also be lighted up occasionally by coloured fire. But it must be remembered that few things are so grand an element in processions, as rough torches, with their leaping flames.

It is desirable that only strictly historical scenes should at first be included in these pageants. Therefore it would probably be well to begin with the reign of Chandragupta—or if prior ages were to be indicated at all, it would be better to do this by means of a scene from the forest-ashramas of the Upanishads, or the fire-sacrifices of the Vedas, than by entering upon the too complex matter of the Mahabharata and Ramayana. It is the *History of India?* that we want to concretise, not the memories of the faith. A very beautiful element in such festivals would be added, if Mohammedan students would arrange to contribute those pictures which represented their own heroes and emperors; but while such assistance would be welcome, such co-operation wholly delightful, it ought not to be regarded as essential. The students of *the city*, whether Hindu or Mohammeden ought in every case, as citizens, make themselves responsible for the due representation and glorification of the past. Calcutta, having but little

local history, has the advantage of being able to yield herself up to the history of India as a whole. Cities like Lucknow, Benares, Bankipore and Poona, on the other hand would have a strong view of their own to add to this, and would thus be comparable to Warwick itself, for that city portrays its local history, for the world's delight.

It is clear that we have here not an entertainment merely, but a great new means of culture. Programmes printed in the vernacular and distributed broad cast, will give the name of each scene, with a brief explanatory note. Roofs, verandahs and pavements will furnish spectatorium, and in every household of women there will be present some man in his capacity of protector and household guardian, who can answer eager questions and make meanings still more clear. Thus, during the hours of the procession, a whole city will be, as it were, at school, but at school with its heart, as well as with its head.—*Indian World.*

AGGRESSIVE HINDUISM

I

The Basis

> "The true Hinduism that made men work, not dream."
>
> Dr. J. C. Bose

One of the most valuable generalisations of the modern era is that which was first arrived at, just about the time of the French Revolution, that *the individual, in his development, follows the race.* Each man and woman, that is to say, when perfectly educated, becomes an epitome of the history either of his or her own race, or of Humanity as a whole. This great perception made itself felt as a definite element in a new scheme of education, through Pestalozzi,—the saint and guru of teachers in the twentieth century West. Pestalozzi saw that, were there ever to be hope for the people, it must be through an education at once modern, that is liberal, psychological, that is founded on a knowledge of mental laws, and in accordance with the historic development of man.

The problem which the young student Pestalozzi, son and lover of the people, had to face at the end of the French Revolution, in Switzerland, was of trifling magnitude, compared with that which confronts the son and lover of India to-day. And yet, in their innermost nature, the two are identical. For this, like that, consists in the difficulty of opening up the human field to a new thought-harvest, while at the same time avoiding the evils of mere surface-culture. The soil that has brought forth the mango and the palm, ought not to be degraded to producing only gourds and vetches. And, similarly, the land of the *Vedas* and of *Jnana Yoga* has no right to sink into the *role* of mere-critic or imitator of European Letters.

Yet this is the present condition of Indian culture, and it appears likely to remain so, unless the Indian mind can deliberately discipline itself to the historic point of view. To do this is like adjusting oneself to a new dimension. Things which were hitherto merged in each other, all at once become distinct. That which till now was instinctive, is suddenly seen to have a goal, which is capable, in its turn, of clear definition. The social and the religious idea, under Hinduism as under Islam, were, in the past, indistinguishable. Philosophically, of course, every tyro could detach one from the other: in practice, however, they were one, and could not be separated. For religious reasons as was supposed, we must eat in a

certain way, wear specified clothing, and fulfil a definite scheme of purification. Suddenly, through the modern catastrophe, the sunlight of comparison, contrast, and relativity, is poured over the whole area, and we discover that by living up to custom, we have been—not accumulating pious merit, but—merely approximating to that ideal of absolute refinement, cleanliness, and purity, which is the dream of all fine human life, and which may as well, or better, be achieved, by some other canon, as by our own. Seeing the goal thus clearly, we become able to analyse and compare various methods, to add to our own conduct the virtues of others, and to eliminate from it the defects of all. Above all we find out how to distinguish effectively between the social idea and religion. It is thus that it becomes possible to talk of "an aggressive Hinduism".

Aggression is to be the dominant characteristic of the India that is to-day in school and classroom,—aggression, and the thought and ideals of aggression. Instead of passivity, activity; for the standard of weakness, the standard of strength; in place of a steadily-yielding defence, the ringing cheer of the invading host. Merely to change the attitude of the mind, in this way, is already to accomplish a revolution. And the inception of some such change will have become evident to us all within a dozen years.

But before the first step can be taken, there must be clear thought about essentials. The object of all religious systems is the formation of character. Theocratic systems aim at the construction of character through the discipline of personal habit. But at bottom it is character and not habit, that they desire to create. No one will dispute that her ideals are a still prouder fruit of Hinduism than her widespread refinement. It is true that India is the only country in the world where a penniless wanderer may surpass a king in social prestige. But still grander is the fact that the king may be a Janaka, and the beggar, a Suke Deva.

Let us, then, touch on the comparative study of the value of habit as a factor in the evolution of character. We find in India that society watches a man all the years of his life, ready to criticise him for the hour at which he bathes and eats and prays, the mode of his travel, the fashion in which, perhaps, he wears his hair. To attempt a serious innovation on social custom, in such directions as marriage or education, seems to horrified public opinion not merely selfish, but also sacrilegious. And this kind of criticism becomes more and more powerful over the individual, as the villages empty themselves into the cities. For the man who might have had the courage to make his mark in the smaller community, would think it presumptuous to

go his own way, in the larger. Hence the aggregation of men tends to become the multiplication of their weaknesses and defects. It is the mean and warped judgment that gains fastest in weight.

But let us look at a community in which active ends and ideals are energetically pursued. Here, a certain standard of personal refinement is exacted of the individual, as rigidly as in India itself. But public opinion, being strong enough to kill, does not stoop to discuss such points. The learning of the method is relegated to the nursery, where it is imparted by women. Having passed through this stage of his education, it is not expected that the hero will fall short in future, of its standards; but if he did so, society would know how to punish him, by ignoring his existence. Both he and society, meanwhile, are too busy with other efforts, to be able to waste force on what is better left to his own pride. For a whole new range of ideals has now come in sight. From the time that a Western child steps out of the nursery, it is not quietness, docility, resignation, and obedience, that his teachers and guardians strive to foster in him, so much as strength, initiative, sense of responsibility, and power of rebellion. Temper and self-will are regarded by Western educators as a very precious power, which must by no means be crushed or destroyed, though they must undoubtedly be disciplined and

subordinated to impersonal ends. It is for this reason that fighting is encouraged in our playgrounds, the only stipulation being for fairplay. To forbid a boy to undergo the physical ordeal, means, as we think, undermining his sincerity, as well as his courage. But for him to strike one who is weaker than himself is to stand disgraced amongst his equals.

That is to say, a social evolution which in Asia has occupied many centuries is in the West relegated to, at most, the first ten years of a child's upbringing, and he then passes into the period of chivalry. Indeed if, as some suppose, the ten Avatars of Vishnu are but the symbol of a single perfect life, India herself has not failed to point this lesson. For after the stages of fish, tortoise, boar, and man-lion, are all safely and happily passed, and the child has become "a little man," it still remains for him to be twice a Kshatriya before he is able to become a Buddha. What is this, but the modern generalisation, that the individual in his development follows the race? And in the last sublime myth of Kalki, may it not be that we have the prophecy of a great further evolution, in which Buddha-hood itself shall plunge once more into a sovereign act of redeeming love and pity, and initiate, for every individual of us, the triumph of active and aggressive ideals?

Let us suppose, then, that we see Hinduism no longer as the preserver of Hindu custom, but *as the*

creator of Hindu character. It is surprising to think how radical a change is entailed in many directions by this conception. We are no longer oppressed with jealousy or fear, when we contemplate encroachments on our social and religious consciousness. Indeed, the idea of encroachment has ceased, because our work is not now to protect ourselves, but to convert others. Point by point, we are determined, not merely to keep what we had, but to win what we never had before. The question is no longer of other people's attitude to us, but, rather, of what we think of them. It is not, how much have we kept? but, how much have we annexed? We cannot afford, now, to lose, because we are sworn to carry the battle far beyond our remotest frontiers. We no longer dream of submission, because struggle itself has become only the first step towards a distant victory to be won.

No other religion in the world is so capable of this dynamic transformation as Hinduism. To Nararjuna and Buddhaghosha, the Many was real, and the Ego unreal. To Sankaracharya, the One was real and the Many unreal. To Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, the many and the One were the same Reality, perceived differently and at different times by the human consciousness. Do we realise what this means? It means that CHARACTER IS SPIRITUALITY. It means that laziness and defeat are not

renunciation. It means that to protect another is infinitely greater than to attain salvation. It means that Mukti lies in overcoming the thirst for Mukti. It means that conquest may be the highest form of *sannyas.* It means, in short, that Hinduism is become aggressive, that the trumpet of Kalki is sounded already in our midst, and that it calls all that is noble, all that is lovely, all that is strenuous and heroic amongst us, to a battle-field on which the bugles of retreat shall never more be heard.

II

The Task Before Us

> "Forgiveness, if weak and passive is not good: fight is better.
> Forgive, when you can bring legions of angels to an easy victory."—Vivekananda.

It is small wonder if, in the act of transition from old form to new,—from a mode of thought some centuries venerable, to one untried, and at best but modern,—it is small wonder if, in the throes of so great a crisis, India should have passed through a generation or two of intellectual confusion. The astonishing phenomenon is rather the speed and ease of her re-adjustment. Within fifty years to have assimilated a new language, and that of an unforeseen type, and to have made changes at almost every rung in the ladder of ideal culture,—is this a little thing?

Is it a fact that could be duplicated anywhere? To speak, in reply, of Japan, is mere foolishness. The problem of Japan, when midway through the nineteenth century, could hardly be compared with that of India. A small and compact people, of single origin inhabiting island, and strong in their sense of insularity could naturally mobilise themselves in any direction they pleased. The number of people in India to-day who speak English fluently would people two or three Japans more than once. And in spite of all efforts to prevent it, the knowledge of English will go on spreading.

The trouble hitherto has been that the people were as passive to modern culture as to ancient. In a land where the segregation of the soul has been the aim of the highest thought and life, for thousands of years, it has not been easy to turn every energy suddenly in the direction of activity and mutual co-operation. At bottom, however, there is strength enough in India, and in spite of the demoralisation of hunger and baffled hope, her people are about to set foot on the threshold of a new era. The ebb of the tide has already reached its utmost. The reaction of fortune is about to commence. That this is so, is due to the fact that at the beginning of the twentieth century the Indian people can take a bird's-eye view of their past history, and are able to understand clearly their true position.

There is a saying in India that to see through *Maya* is to destroy her. But few realise how literally this is true. The disaster or difficulty that has ceased to confuse and bewilder us, is about to be defeated. The evil about which we can think and express ourselves clearly, has already lost its power. To measure our defeat accurately, is to reverse it. When a people, as a people, from the highest to the lowest, are united in straight and steady understanding of their circumstances, without doubt and without illusion, then events are about to precipitate themselves. Discrimination is the mark of the highest spirituality. Spirituality is the only irresistible force. Like the fire that wraps a forest in flame, is the power of the mind of a whole nation.

From the year 1858 onwards, there has been no possible goal for the Indian people but a complete assimilation of the modern consciousness. At that point the Mediæval order was at an end. Prithvi Rai and Shah Jehan, Asoka and Akbar were mingled in a common oblivion. Only the soil they had loved, only the people they had led, remained, to address themselves to a new task, to stand or fall by their power to cope with a new condition. Sharp as the contrast between the Gunga and the Jumna was the difference between the Mediæval and the Modern. Invincible as the resistless current of the Bhagirathi, is that new India, that is to be born of both.

Up to the present, however, in the exhaustion of the transition, it has not been possible for the national mind to envisage the problem, so as to see or state its terms clearly. To-day this first stage is over. The Indian mind is no longer in blind collapse. It is awaking to fresh strength, and about to survey both past and present, that by their means it may determine and forecast its future.

What are the *differentia*, what is the precise problem of this modern age? Definitions are proverbially rash, but it is not difficult to state some facts and considerations bearing on this subject, with great precision. The outstanding fact about the modern period has been, undoubtedly, the geographical discovery of the world as a whole. The one characteristic of the modern mind, that make it unlike the mind of any other age, is the completeness with which it is able to survey and define the surface of the planet Earth. The discovery of steam, with the consequent invention of railways and steamboats, has undoubtedly been the efficient cause of this exploration, and out of the consequent clash of faiths and cultures, has come the power to make the personal or mythological equation; to cancel, more or less to one's own satisfaction, all the elements of local prejudice in a given problem; and from this again has been born the ideal of modern science, of modern culture generally, the attempt to extract the

rootfact from all the diversity of phenomena in which it clothes itself.

In this way, the intellectual and spiritual discovery of the world has followed hard on the physical or geographical. In culture, a new era has been proclaimed. It is no longer enough to know one thing well. It is also incumbent upon us to understand its place amongst other things, and its relation to the scheme of knowledge as a whole.

The pioneers of modernism, meanwhile, have been dominated by the ideal of the machine, to which they have owed so much of their success. To this fact we may trace our present-day standards of order and efficiency. A large house of business, with its staff, is simply a human machine of an intricate kind. It has been said that the Oriental regards his servants as personal attendants, the Western as so many hidden machines. Nothing could be more true. The Oriental is in every case an agriculturalist, accustomed to the picturesque disorder of seed-time and harvest, cowshed and barn, and far from irritated by it. Every thought and habit of the Western, on the other hand, is dominated by the notion of mechanical accuracy and efficiency, and by the effort of the mechanician to achieve a given end by the most economical possible means.

In a society in which the highest knowledge fulfils the twofold test of order and synthesis, the

great sin is provincialism. And here the new world differs from the old, in which the tastes of aristocrats were supreme, and mortal crime lay in vulgarity.

But while the great intellectual and social failure of to-day lies in provincialism, no serious mind assumes that the world-idea is to be arrived at easily. Only the tree that is firm-rooted in its own soil can offer us a perfect crown of leaf and blossom. And similarly, only the heart that responds perfectly to the claims of its immediate environment, only the character that fulfils to the utmost its stint of civic duty, only this heart and mind is capable of taking its place in the ranks of the truly cosmopolitan. Only the fully national can possibly contribute to the cosmonational.

And this is understood to-day by cultured persons, all the world over. The cheap superciliousness of the young man who, on leaving his village in Kamschatka or Uganda, has been initiated into the habits and manners of the European democracy, and takes himself for this reason as an exalted and competent critic of his own people, only evokes a smile. No one desires his acquaintance, for he has nothing to add to the thought-world of those with whom he is so proud to have been associated. Every act, every movement, writes large across his forehead the word "snob".

On the other hand, to take one's stand persistently on the local prejudices of the village in Kamschatka or Uganda, is, though infinitely more manly and self-respecting, almost as futile. It is better to be provincial than to be vulgar, for our horror of vulgarity is the longer-grown. But both miss the effective achievement. What the time demands of us is that in us our whole past shall be made a part of the world's life. This is what is called the realisation of the national idea. But it must be realised everywhere, *in the world-idea.* In order to attain a large power of giving, we may break through any barrier of custom. But it is written inexorably in the very nature of things that, if we sacrifice custom merely for some mean or selfish motive, fine men and women everywhere will refuse to admit us to their fellowship.

Cosmo-nationality of thought and conduct, then, is not easy for any man to reach. Only through a perfect realisation of his own nationality can anyone, anywhere, win to it. And Cosmo-nationality consists in *holding the local idea in the world-idea.* It is well known that culture is a matter of sympathy, rather than of information. It would follow that the cultivation of the sense of humanity as a whole, is the essential feature of a modern education. But this cannot be achieved by mere geographical knowledge. The unification of the world has emancipated

the human mind to some extent, and we now understand that a man's character is the sum of his assimilated experiences; in other words, that his history is written in his face. And what is true of persons we see also to be true of countries. The very landscape is a key to the hopes and dreams of men. Their hopes and dreams explain to us the heritage they have left. History, then, is as essential to the modern consciousness as geography. It is the second dimension, as it were, of TRUTH, as we now seek it, naked and dynamic.

Our changed attitude changes all our conceptions. We make a new survey of our knowledge, and are no longer content to view dog as dog and cow as cow, but must needs learn all the links and developments between them. Their very differences are now regarded by us as a guarantee of their fundamental community of origin. We break open the rocks and scour the waste places of the earth, that we may find forms which will explain to us the divergence of horse-hoof from cow-hoof, reptile from fish, and bird from both.

Or we turn to the study of art and letters. Here again, our scrutiny has entered on the comparative stage. If we investigate the records of Baghdad, we must understand also those of Moorish spain. It is not enough to follow the course of chivalry in France, unless we also assist at its birth in German

forests. Our idea of unity has become organic, evolutionary, and some picture of the movement and clash of the world as a whole is an overmastering need.

Yet even the finest mind is limited by its own ignorance. What a painful blank in modern culture, whenever we come upon the word 'China'! How little has it been possible to say about India to which any cultivated Indian can give more than a pitying smile! And how utterly misunderstood is the Mahommadan world! The world of culture, be it remembered is not tainted by political corruption. Race-prejudice has no place in the ideal aspiration after knowledge. Why then should a silence, almost political, pervade the spaces that ought to be filled with Oriental interpretation, in modern thought?

The reason, as regards India, is easy enough to find. The Indian mind has not reached out to conquer and possess its own land as its own inalienable share and trust, in the world as a whole. It has been content, even in things modern, to take obediently whatever was given to it. And the newness and strangeness of the thing given, has dazed it. The Indian people as a whole, for the last two generations, have been as men walking in a dream, without manhood, without power to react freely against conditions, without even common-sense.

But to-day, in the deliberate adoption of an aggressive policy, we have put all this behind us. Realising that life is struggle, we are now determined that our wrestling with the powers that are against us, shall enable us to contribute to the world's sum of culture, not merely to make adaptations from it. Our part henceforth is active, and not passive. The Indianising of India, the organising of our national thought, the laying out of our line of march,—all this is to be done by us, not by others, on our behalf. We accept no more programmes. Henceforth are we become the makers of programmes. We obey no more policies. Henceforth do we create policies. We refuse longer to call by the name of 'education,' the apprenticeship necessary for a ten-rupee clerkship. We put such things in their true place. We ordain ourselves intellectually free. What, then, is the task before us?

Our task is to translate ancient knowledge into modern equivalents. We have to clothe the old strength in a new form. The new form *without* that old strength is nothing but a mockery; almost equally foolish is the savage anachronism of an old-time power without fit expression. Spiritually, intellectually, there is no undertaking, but we must attempt it.

Great realms of the ideal open for our exploration. New conception of life and duty, and freedom; new ideas of citizenship; untried expressions of love and

friendship; into all these we must throw ourselves with burning energy, and make them our own.

We must create a history of India in living terms. Up to the present that history, as written in English, practically begins with Warrren Hastings, and crams in certain unavoidable preliminaries, which cover a few thousands of years, and, troublesome as they are, cannot be altogether omitted! All this is merely childish and has to be brought to the block. The history of India has yet to be written for the first time. It has to be humanised, emotionalised made the trumpet-voice and evangel of the races that inhabit India. And to do this, it must be re-connected with *place*. Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, are the present view-points! Surely the heroes that sleep on ancient battle-fields, the forefathers that make for themselves the wide-walled cities, the scholars that left behind them precious thought and script, have laughed sometimes when they have not wept to see from high heaven the grotesque docility of their descendants! The history of India consists in truth, of the strata, of at least three thousand years. Ocean-bed and river-sands, forest and marsh, and ocean-floor again, lie piled one upon the other—and in each period some new point is centre. Ayodhya and Hastinapura, Indraprastha and Pataliputra, Ujjain and Delhi, Conjeevaram and Amaravati, what of the vanished worlds of which all these were born? There

is no evangel without worship. Throw yourselves, children of India, into the worship of these and your whole part. Strive passionately for *knowledge.* Yours are the spades and mattocks of this excavation. For with you and not with the foreigner, are the thought and language that will make it easy to unearth the old significance. India's whole hope lies in a deeper research, a more rigid investigation of facts. With her, encouragement, and not despair, is on the side of truth!

Great literatures have to be created in each of the varnaculars. These literatures must voice the past, translate the present, forecast the future. The science and the imagination of Europe have to be brought, through the vernacular, to every door. India cannot afford to imitate foreign institutions. Neither can she afford to remain ignorant of foreign ideals. The history of the past has to be re-written, in simple terms. True hope for the time to come must fill all hearts, like a nation's Common Prayer. On the creation of such vernacular literatures, depends the effective education of women.

Art must be re-born. Not the miserable travesty of would-be Europeanism that we at present know. There is no voice like that of art, to reach the people. A song, a picture, these are the fiery cross[1] that

[1] "A rough cross of charred wood used to be passed from clan to clan in the Scottish Highlands, as the call to war. We all know the folded chapathy of the Indian villages.

reaches all the tribes, and makes them one. And art *will* be re-born, for she has found a new subject,—India herself. Ah, to be a thinker in bronze and give to the world the beauty of the Southern *Pariah*, as he swings, scarce-clad, along the Beach-Road at Madras! Ah to be a Millet, and paint the woman worshipping at dawn beside the sea! Oh for a pencil that would interpret the beauty of the Indian *Sari*; the gentle life of village and temple; the coming and going at the Ganges side; the play of the children; the faces, and the labours, of the cows!

But far more, on behalf of India herself, do we need artists, half poets and half draughtsmen, who can wake in us the great new senses. We want men of the Indian Blood, who can portray for us the men of old,—Bhishma and Yudhirasthira, Akbar and Sher Shah, Pratap Singh and Chand Bibi—in such fashion as to stir the blood. We want through these to feel out, as a people, towards the new duties of the time to be. Not only to utter India to the world, but also, to voice India to herself,—this is the mission of art divine mother of the ideal when it descends to clothe itself in forms of realism.

At each step, then, the conquest must be twofold. On this side something to be added to the world's knowledge, and on that, an utterance to be given for the first time, for India to herself. This is the battle that opens before the present generation. On our

fighting a good fight, the very existence, it may be, of the next depends. Our national life is become, perforce, a national assault. As yet the very outworks of the besieged city are almost unstormed. Herewith then let us sound the charge. Sons of the Indian past, do ye fear to sleep at night-fall on your shields? On, on, in the name of a new spirituality, to command the treasures of the modern world sack! On, on, soldiers of the Indian Motherland, seize ye the battlements and penetrate to the citadel! Place garrison and watch within the hard-won towers, or fall, that others may climb on your dead bodies, to the height ye strove to win.

III

The Ideal

"Be what thou prayest to be made."

The adoption of the active or aggressive attitude of mind changes for us all our theories. We sight now nothing but the goal. Means have become ends, ends means. The power to count the cost and hesitate, is gone for ever. We seek great objects and created them, scorning small hopes. The India about us has become "Maha Bharata," "Heroic India". The future offers wider chances of sacrifice than the past. We look to make our descendants greater than our ancestors.

Words have changed their meanings. *Karma* is no longer a destiny, but an opportunity. Do I behold injustice? Mine the right to prohibit oppression, and I do it. Before the honest indignation of one fearless man, the whole of *Maya* trembles and departs. Destiny is passive before me. I triumph over it. Strength is the power to take our own life, at its most perfect, and break it, if need be, across the knee. This strength is now ours, and with it we conquer the earth. No one is so invincible as the man who has not dreamt of defeat, because he has a world beyond victory, to achieve.

Our desires have grown immeasurable. But they are desires to give, not to receive. We would fain win, that we may abandon to those behind us, and pass on. For that which is dearer to us than self, we long greatly to throw away our life, and this defeated sacrifice transforms all our work with energy. The whole of life becomes the quest of death. Those that are close to us become associated with ourselves in our risks and defiances. We learn to realise that in this fact lies their beatitude. Buddha did not sacrifice Yasodhara when he left her. He conferred on her the glory of renouncing with him.

Or is it *brahmacharya*? This is not only for the monk. Nor is it wholly of the body. "Abstinence," says one, "without a great purpose, is nothing. It is only the loss of another power". But even

brahmacharya has to be made aggressive. Celibacy, here, is only the passive side of a life that sees human beings actively as minds and souls. Marriage itself ought to be, in the first place, a friendship of the mind. Exchange of thought and communion of struggle, is far beyond the offering of comfort, and the one need not exclude the other. The *brahmacharya* of the hero makes marriage noble, for it seeks the good of another as an end in itself. In true *brahmacharya* is involved the education of women, for a radiant purity comes to its perfect fruition in thought and knowledge, and assimilation of experience, and there is a *brahmacharya* of the wife, as well as of the nun.

In the life of *tapasya* is constant renewal of energy and light. Every task becomes easy to the worshipper of Sarasvati. He spurns ease. Daily and hourly does the impersonal triumph in him over the personal. His ideal aspires upward, like a rising flame. Each circle reveals fresh heights to be gained. The wife shares in the ideals of her husband. She protects them, as if they were her children, even against himself. She urges him on towards them, when, alone, he might have flagged. She measures their common glory by the degree of this realisation. Her womanhood is grave and tender, like some sacrament of the eternal. 'Not this, not this,' is the cry ever in the ears of both. Counting happiness for self a little

thing, each gives it to the other, in seeking to bestow it on the world around.

Sannyasi, again, is a word charged with new significance. It is not his *gerrua* cloth, but his selflessness, that makes a monk. There may be monks of science and learning, monks of art and industry, monks of the public life and service, and monks for the defence of the defenceless. Great is the impulse of renunciation: greater is the *sustained* self-sacrifice of a heroic life. In the soul of the *maha-purusha*, it is difficult, sometimes, to tell whether soldier or *Sannyasi* is predominant. He combines the daring of the one, with the freedom of the other. Years leave no mark on the aggressive life. It is as ready to cast itself down from the palm-tree's height, in old age, as it was in youth. Or more. For the spiritual will has grown stronger with time. Nothing is measured by personal hope or fear. All is tested by the supreme purpose, as making an end in itself. Self ceases to be a possible motive. The hand once put to the plough, it grows there, and the man would not know how to turn back. The *Sannyasin* cannot be touched by misery. For him defeat is merely a passing phase. Ultimate victory is inevitable. He is lighthearted in failure, as in success.

Obedience to the *Guru* becomes eager fulfilment of an idea, and a seeking out of new ways in which to bring about fulfilment. Every act of attainment

is now understood to be a spiritual achievement, and there is no rest without the handing on of each realisation, as to disciples. At the same time, the standard of discipleship has grown inexorable. There is no passing of the spurious coin as genuine. The aspirant must serve, because without much service there is no germination of truth. He must worship, because without loyalty there is no manhood. But one stain of insincerity, one blemish of self-interest, and the *Guru* must recognise—though to do so be like going maimed for life—that this is not that *chela* for whom all *Gurus* seek.

Love and hatred are now immense powers. Love, when no longer personal, when all strength, becomes rousing, invigorating, life-giving. Hatred is the refusal to compromise. It cuts off meanness and falsehood, root and branch. Love, now, finds unity of intention behind everything that is sincere. Pride is too proud to found itself on a lie. The man is silent until he has first acted. Nor dare he boast himself of the deeds of his ancestors or the achievements of his fellows. A fierce humility mingles with all his ambition and tells him that praise from unworthy lips is sacrilege.

And finally the life's purpose has become a consuming fire. The object is desired for its own sake. Like Shivi-Rana, whose whole soul was set on sacrifice, the left side weeps that to the right

alone it is given to suffer. Like Myer the German chemist, who had an eye and an arm torn off in the discovery of nitrogen compounds, the soul kneels in the midst of agony, to give thanks in an ecstasy that enough is still left to continue the search for knowledge. The vibration of the word "Work" when uttered by such workmen, carries the thrill of *Jnana* to other hearts.

Strong as the thunderbolt, austere as *bramacharya* great-hearted and selfless, such should be that *Sannyasin* who has taken the service of other as his *Sannyas*, and not less than this should be the son of a militant Hinduism.—*Indian Review.*

THE TASK OF THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN INDIA

YOUNG India is fascinated by the political spectacle in European countries: fascinated, and also perhaps hypnotised by it. She imagines, perhaps, that until she can reproduce the bear-garden of opposite parties, she has failed to emulate the vigour and energy of Western patriotism. This, at least, is the only excuse for that evil fashion which has made its appearance amongst us, of mutual recrimination, and mutual attack. Those who are fighting on different parts of the self-same field are wasting time and ammunition by turning their weapons on each other, instead of on a common foe. The fact is, young India has yet to realise that hers is not a movement of partisan politics at all, but a national, that is to say, a unanimous progression. There is no difference of opinion on national questions, amongst honest men, in India. Put Hindus and Mahomedans together on a Legislative Council. Have they not always to be reckoned with as a single opinion? Who cares where the Brahmin eats, or whom he invites to his

dinner parties? Do he, and the Kayasth, or the Vaidhya, or the Kshattriya, make opposite demands on the University Senate? As citizens, in the Municipality, is the good of one the good of the others, or not? It is wonderful how long dust can be thrown in men's eyes, by talk that absolutely contradicts facts. It is wonderful how far the hounds can be drawn on a false scent. A large amount of misdirected activity and confused political thought arises in India, from the mere fact that the political method here is largely imitative, and is apt to imitate the wrong things.

The one thing that strikes a first-time visitor to the Congress, for instance,—a visitor who goes with a determination to ignore preconceptions and judge as far as possible from facts,—is the extraordinary agreement of all the members, from extreme right to extreme left. An old man in this corner considers it so ill-advised to make a certain pronouncement that he will retire from the body if its enunciation be insisted on. A youngster over there pooh-poohs this over-caution, and challenges the old man to express his disbelief in the principle asserted. As likely as not, the young man is in the right. But these are the disagreements, ye gods, over which young India, looking on, is like to lash itself into a fury of vituperation and despair! It is clear to every outsider meantime that there is here no stuff of difference,

whatsoever, and that, at such a computation the ship of the national movement in India must be manned by educated India, solid.

Thus the Congress represents, not a political, or partisan movement, but the political side of a national movement—a very different thing. It is successful, not in proportion at it sees its debates carry weight in high quarters, not in proportion as its views are officially adopted, but in proportion to the ability and earnestness with which it conducts its own deliberations, in proportion to the number which it can call together and make efficient in political methods, and in proportion to the information it can disseminate throughout the country on questions of national significance. If these fundamental facts be once clearly understood, it will matter very little thereafter what form the resolutions take in Congress, matters very little about an act of politeness more or less, or about the number of adjectives in a given sentence. For it will be understood that the real task of the Congress is that of an educational body, educating its own members in that new mode of thinking and feeling which constitutes a sense of nationality; educating them in the habit of prompt and united action, of political trustiness of communal open-eyedness; educating itself, finally, in the knowledge of a mutual sympathy that embraces every member of the vast household which dwells between

the Himalayas and Cape Comorin, between Manipur and the Arabian Sea.

This implies, however, that the main body of the army is not in the Congress, that the Congress as a whole is merely one side,—the political side,—of an incomparably vaster, though less definitely organised host. And by the antithesis, not opposition, between the efforts of the two, progression is secured. Thus, corresponding to the Congress, the National Movement must have another, and non-political limb, as it were. But at the same time, it is clear that this non-political must have greater difficulty than the political element in defining to itself its own objective.

And yet a programme,—not a rigid platform but a suggestive immanation—is almost a necessity to it. What are the tasks that the National Movement has to face and in what order?

The task of all alike is one,—the education of the whole nation, in all its parts, in a common sentiment of unity with each other and with their soil. But it is a mistake to think that this education will in every case come scholastically. Reading and writing will facilitate it, but it will not wait for the schoolmaster. Already we have seen the women expressing themselves through the *Swadeshi tapasya*. In national and civic existence this cause has given them a step onward and upward that will never be

retraced. But while the appeal made to them sympathises so effectively by this cry of the Home-land, when made to the people themselves—the inarticulate, un-educated helpless masses—it must be by means of the industrial reconstruction which the Swadeshi Vow has necessitated. Practice first, theory afterwards. First, mutual love and loyalty, and secondly, all that ideas, all that instruction can do to give to that new-born consciousness of brotherhood, intellectual depth and steadiness. What the National Movement as a whole has to do them as to nationalise and vocalise two great areas of moral force that are at present nationally almost mute. These areas consist of the women and the peasants. Let every ten students in the City Colleges band themselves together and take a vow to maintain one missionary for this purpose. Let the missionary, travel with the magic lantern, with collections of post cards, with a map of India and with head and heart full of ballads, stories, and geographical descriptions. Let him gather together the women, let him gather together the villagers, let him entertain them in the garden, in the courtyard, in the verandahs, beside the well, and under the village tree with stories and songs and descriptions of India ! India ! India !

We love that which we think of, we think of that which we know. First then we must build up a clear conception, and afterwards love will come of

itself, and thus through the length and breadth of our vast country will go the thrill of the great thought "this and no other is our Motherland! We are Indians every one?"

Here then we have one extreme of the task of nationalisation, to be carried out by that immense body of nation-makers to which every student and every educated man and woman in India belong by natural right. At the far end of this line are those whose task it is to carry the national colours to higher ground. Here are the original workers in science, in history, in art, in letters, sworn to let never a European pass them in this race for excellence, vowed, whatever be their task, to conquer in it or to die. The question which arises here as to the nature and duties of the pioneer intellect is quite different from a similar question as applied to workers of the second generation. The great majority of the nation-making generation bear to missionaries and architects of that consciousness the same relation that the ordinary *grihasta* bears to the *sadhu*. They cannot live that life themselves, yet by their sympathy and silent support, they make the life a possibility. It is important then, that these should realise that the motto for the age is,—"Mutual aid, self-organisation, co-operation!"

The *Grihasta* wants a little of the courage of the martyr in vowing himself, not to a battle of the

spirit but to a determined worldly success. He wants perhaps a little of the venom of the cobra in undertaking and in financing national defence associations, farmers' aid organisations, co-operative credit enterprises. But first and last and above all, he needs to understand that it is by these movements, these undertakings, these studies, that education will actually be carried far and wide and that the movement for Indian Nationality will gradually transform itself into the Indian Nation.—*Mysore Review.*

WHAT BOOKS TO READ

TO girls and boys alike, I would say: Revel in the books that come from the childhood of the world. Read your *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*—if possible, till you know pages of them by heart. Read translations of Homer and stories from him. Read the Norse *Heimskringla* if you can get it, the German *Sagas*, the Finnish *Kalewala* and even long-fellow's *Hiawatha*. These are the foundation of literature for humanity, and there is no law of psychology more universally true, than that which tells us that *the individual in his development follows the race.*

Three elements then there are in a completed culture of the modern kind,—(*a*) an idea of the phases through which the world has become what it is, that is to say, the History of Humanity; (*b*) an idea or picture of the world itself as it actually is, that is to say, Natural Science; and (*c*) a clear notion of our own part in the whole and this may be represented—at least for us who are gathered here—as the Study of India. The last represents our moral aim. And we must remember that all the facts in the world do not convey knowledge. We must remember

that the moral life is a man's fulcrum-point. We must clearly understand that without a strong and noble purpose in life learning or knowledge of books is mere useless pedantry, and not an ornament to a man.

Now, when we have once got a clear hold of these principles of reading, the question of what books to read becomes very easy indeed. By any means that offer themselves, by hook or crook, arrive at some mental picture of the Past of Humanity. Read anything and everything that will help you to this end. But do not cease to remember the end itself. Visit museums. Find out all you can about pictures and sculptures. Make a mind-picture of every country in turn. Work hard till you know something about ancient Egypt, about Assyria, about China, about Greece. Read translations of Homer, that you may feel the life of that old Mediterranean World, whose heart he uttered, that world of which "Ethiopia," wherever that was, Phœnicia, Egypt, Carthage, even ancient Ireland, all formed part. Seek for new expressions of these eras. If you lived in London, I would beg you to go to the British Museum and read the *Book of the Dead* and thus know more of the inwardness of Egypt than all the books in the world about it could tell you. But read the stories of the nations if you will, in order to see what to read. Read all Scott's novels. Read Dante—but only when you have

grown curious regarding him. Read the old romances of mediæval Europe but read also Don Quixote and think it out. Read the French chronicles of the Crusades and historical novels and solid history. Neglect none of these. But with all your reading, do not forget to dream. Cultivate intellectual longing; refrain from intellectual surfeit. Only by reverence towards our own questions, only by listening to our own hearts, can we arrive at any great thing in the world of knowledge. There are few things that bring greater delight to myself than the Index to Gippon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and always as I read it, I remember that day in 1764 when he sat dreaming amongst the Roman ruins, listening to the chanting of vespers by Christian monks in what had been a pagan temple, and when there suddenly came before his mind's eye the vision of the whole world's history for fifteen hundred years, as centring in this spot where he sat and he conceived the idea of writing the story of Rome—Rome no longer civic, but planetary in her significance, the focus-point of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is this of which the *Index* to the History gives one the key—this vastness of intellectual panorama, this concentrated intensity of love. And then as one turns here and there, to the pages of the work itself, as one feels the peculiar combination of insight and blindness in this mind, one asks in wonder how was

such a feeling for a city born in a man's heart? One is tempted to account for Gibbon by the beautiful Eeastern myth of reincarnation, and to fancy the immortal work as the crown and blossom of many lifetimes spent in loving and studying Rome. Twenty-five years it took Gibbon to complete that vision of an evening in 1764, twenty-five years of incessant labour and tireless reading. But how to form the key to twenty-five years of work? Have we any such dreamers here this evening? Are there any lives amongst us waiting like pent-up floods to pour themselves out in sustained devotion, the instant some word or some touch shall pierce the barricade of rocks and let the light play in them at a single point?

But the idea of humanity, half geographic, half historic forms only part of the longing of the modern mind. There is another longing, which is quite as real. The longing to survey nature and account for her—the craving for science.

And here there are two impulses, the impulse of synthesis and the impulse of specialism. By the impulse of synthesis mankind at large is given a clear idea of the broad outlines of the labours of scientific workers. Certain immortal books of the last 150 years sum up most of this necessary picture for us. The "*Origin of Species*," for instance, is so necessary to the ordinary educated man that with

all its details it has come very close to being a popular book. Sir Charles Lyall on Geology: Huxley and Tyndall in popularising Biology and Physics; La Place on Astronomy; Herbert Spencer on Sociology; Ruskin on Crystals, your own Bose on the relation of organic and inorganic, all these are amongst the historic writers on scientific subjects, who present, through the toil of the specialist, something that the whole world can understand. Perhaps all but the very latest, however, will be gradually supplanted in the eyes and ears of generations not their own, by articles in encyclopædias and by thorough education in the principles of the sciences themselves. Yet remember, these books of science stand for critical moments in the history of culture. They utter that passion for common things which is also expressed in the novels of George Eliot, in the poetry of Wordsworth, in the utterances of Walt Whitman, and which is, as I believe, potential to an extraordinary degree in the Indian people. With books that deal with pre-historic man, the realm of science merges into the realm of humanity. Lubbock, Tylor, Cloud, Spencer and a hundred others, furnish us here with the conceptions we seek. They are conceptions which are specially necessary to the Indian consciousness. For no true history of India can ever be written by a man who does not understand something of the common conceptions of

science regarding pre-historic races and societies. That history will have to begin with chapters that will enable us to rightly regard and take into our nationality warmly, the little elder brothers of the forests and the hills, the Bhils and Santhals and Uriyas. And it will have to go on to survey that great early and contemporary history of Asia, to which India actually belongs. And only lastly will it be free to take up the question of the origin and making of India herself. We come at last then to what is perhaps the most essential element in all our regarding, the Study of India. Here there are a thousand directions in which we may specialise. We may study India with a view to understanding races, or minerals, or agriculture or industry, or history, or literature or philosophy, or any one of an infinite number of subjects, but from one thing we have to emancipate ourselves and that is, from the idea that very much is yet known on the subject. We have to study the origin of the reports which reach us rather than those reports themselves. Those reports are, for the most part mere resumes turned out with political intention and mechanical life-lessness, and no true history was ever written in that way. The histories written by generals and residents between 1750 and 1850 are, indeed, of value. Price, Skrine, Chalmers, Cunningham, even Grant Duff, and Elphinstone wrote history of a very different

order from that which is common in the cram books of the present day. But high above all others, even of this period, ranks one book. Todd's *Annals of Rajasthan*, which has been the source of national ideas to Indian readers ever since literacy became general, ought now to be known by heart by every Indian boy and girl in the vernacular. Translation of Persian memoirs, district reports and archæological surveys, all these constitute sources of history rather than history itself, and to the study of these I would commend you. If there is one English book which is more valuable than another for the student or would-be writers of Indian history, it is Fergusson's *History of Indian Architecture.* For when we study cities and buildings you must remember that we are face to face with facts: when we read books we may be absorbing ourselves in speculations. About the age of a building we can be *sure* from the testimony of our senses. And the date of a battle is vastly less important.

I have left no time for speaking of books of the personal life, favourite books of which everyone must have some. For we live the life of literature much in the fashion of a journey. We determine our starting-point, our goal and our route, but of what fellow-travellers we shall meet or overtake, what decision we shall make, or what events or scenes we shall specially note by the way of all this,

we know nothing. It is as God or Destiny shall will. Amongst personal books then, all of you, I trust, would place the *Gita* and some no doubt would count the Bible or Koran. Many would place the Imitation Christ and I, for my own part, include Church's translation in the Golden Treasury Series of *The Trial and Death of Socrates*, and Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee.* They are two books out of different world—the very worlds of humanity and Nature of which we have been talking at some length, and with a couple of extracts from these I propose to end my talk. Maeterlinck's book is a study of Nature and, at the same time, a prophecy for Humanity. Listen then to a few sentences:

"Where is the fatality here, save in the love of the race of to-day for the race of to-morrow? This fatality exists in the human species also, but its extent and power seem infinitely less. Among men it never gives rise to sacrifices as great, as unanimous, or as complete. What for seeing fatality taking the place of this one do we ourselves obey? We know not, as we know not the being, who watches us, as we watch the bees."—*Extract from a lecture delivered at Calcutta in opening the Chaitanya Library.*

THE NATIONAL IDEA

THE dominating fact in human destiny is Place. We are just what our share of Mother Earth has made us. We see—what she shows. We know ultimately only what she tells. Mystic, sacramental, all—compelling is the bond that knits together man and soil.

This influence of place on humanity works itself in two directions at the same time—those of labour and of thought. That daily life and toil are the products purely of the region in which a people dwell is not indeed difficult to see. The task of Sicilian vine-dressers is conditioned by the volcanic soil of their island. The work of the Cossack herdsman is a consequence of the vast treeless plains over which he roams. These are facts that no one could dispute. But it is less easy to see, and yet equally true, that the moral and intellectual life of a community is also the outcome of the report which his senses make to man regarding all that lies within that circular horizon of which he is himself the centre. Christianity, for instance, is what it is

to-day, because, three thousand years before Christ, the Desert of the Sahara abutted on the valley of the Nile. For, like the marriage of Humanity with Earth is, in its turn, the union of spiritual and material in the life of man. Thought is wedded eternally to work. The ideal rises out of the deed, and fresh deeds are born again of the new ideal.

Such facts as these make of every country geographically distinct, the cradle of a nation. Neither race, language, nor religion can divide essentially those who are made one by the supreme organic condition of Place. Even the human element of family and society, comes second only in the list of evolutionary influences. But all these, we must remember, are like ourselves, or like the whole of the community to which we belong, themselves the product of the birthland. Their spiritual influence upon us is the result of her spiritual influences upon them, even as the food that they gave us in our babyhood is the result of the toil that she made possible to them.

It is the nation, rather than the individual, that derives from the land its characteristics, even as others are sealed by other regions with another impress. It is with the products of the national energy, products of field and canal, of road and town, that she is garbed. To her calm wisdom, to her serene maturity, the quarrels of sects and parties do not exist.

This law is fundamental and imperative, that the enrichment of the land itself be the whole object of the wealth that is drawn from it, and for him who disobeys there waits the doom of the outraged soil.

The geographical area is thus the first and incomparably the most important condition of national unity, and a common economic experience makes that unity complete. When a common hunger is fed by common harvests; when common death is meted out by common famines; when a single wail is heard in the terror of rains withheld; when need is one, and hope is one, when fear is one, and love is one, how are men to dream long that there are barriers dividing them? Those whom truth joins, how are human hypnotisms to divide?

Nations like individuals, find self-expression. The characteristic arts and architecture of a people are at bottom the direct outcome of their worship of place. The work-life and the thought-life have united to form the priceless *mela* of great cities, and these in their turn reveal to the world the national ideal of beauty, the national taste. Again the community that will be fed must lay out its pastures, preserve its forests, and carry out works of irrigation and tillage; and every clod of earth that is turned up, every branch that is pruned, utters the peasant's love and hope. Thus man inherits the earth and remakes it. The map of a country ought to suggest to us the

untiring energy of that great corporate individuality by which it has been brought into being. The work of communities lies in technical processes. By coalescence of industrial communities, we obtain improvements and new applications of processes. Thus, in sum, we arrive at geotechnics, the science of earth-making. Half, mother of the folk she sustains and feeds: half, offspring herself of the racial energy —the Home-land! the Home-land! The mystic comrade of man!—*Indian World.*

THE UNDERLYING UNITY OF INDIAN LIFE

India, encircled as she is by seas and mountains, is indisputably a geographical unit, and, as such, is rightly designated by one name. Her type of civilization, too, has many features which differentiate it from that of all other regions of the world, while they are common to the whole country, or rather continent, in a degree sufficient to justify its treatment as a unit in the history of human, social, and intellectual development—Vincent A. Smith, M. A., (Dubl.) M. R. A. S., F. R. N. S., I. C. S., (Retired) in his *Early History of India*, p. 5 (second edition, 1908).

The diversity of social phenomena in India is a fact visible on the surface. But the ground-work on which that diversity is traced—the underlying uniformity of life from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—is often lost sight of. The unity of Indian life, however, is not confined to those points which it shares in common with the rest of the world. All its infinite variety hangs on a common thread of a somewhat distinctive Indian colour. It is the failure to grasp this elementary fact that leads to so much heart-burning, jealousy, and antagonism among the different sections of the Indian population. Where they do co-operate, they find that there is much in their ideas that is harmonious, if not identical. But the power of labels and shibboleths, is strong in eastern countries and can only be removed by a

careful study of the ideas that lie, in substance, behind differing names and institutions. Nor has the point escaped those Europeans who (like Mr. Vincent Smith) have an intimate practical acquaintance with life and thought in Modern India.— Abdulla Yusuf-Ali, M. A., L. L. M., (Cantab.), I. C. S., Bar-at-Law, in his *Life and Labour of the People of India*, pages 305—310 (1907).

BEHIND and within the unity of humanity, there is a stratification of man which is to the full as interesting as the tale of the formation of the sedimentary rocks. To the full as interesting, but not, hitherto, so clearly visualized. Race over race, civilization over civilization, epoch upon epoch, the molten tides of immigration have flowed, tended to commingle, and finally superposed themselves. And systems of thought and manners have grown, by the accreting of the burdens of one wave to those of another, and their blending into a whole, under the action of the genius of place. Behind ancient Egypt, how long an historical spelling-out of elements there must have been! What a protracted process of adding race-syllable to race-syllable took place, before that brilliant complexus first emerged upon the human mind! Yet there was such a being as an Ancient-Egyptian, recognizable as a specific human unit, in contradistinction to his contemporary, the Phœnician, the Cretan, or the Babylonian. Or the same possibility may be seen in our own day in

the fact that there is such a being as a Modern-American, diverse in his origins beyond any type that has ever heretofore appeared, and yet marked by certain common characteristics which distinguish him, in all his sub-divisions, from the English, the Russian, the Italian, who contributed to form him.

These miracles of human unification are the work of PLACE. Man only begins by making his home. His home ends by remaking him. Amongst all the circumstances that go to create that heritage which is to be the opportunity of a people, there is none so determining, so welding, so shaping in its influence, as the factor of the land to which their children shall be native. Spiritually, man is the son of God, but materially, he is the nursling of Earth. Not without reason do we call ourselves children of the soil. The Nile was the mother of the Egyptian. The shores of the Mediterranean made the Phœnician what he was. The Babylonian was the product of river-plain and delta. And the Bengalee is literally the son of Mother-Ganges.

In every case, however, this unity induced by place is multiplied, as it were, by the potentialities of confluent race-elements. Man learns from man. It is only with infinite difficulty, by striving to re-apply our powers in terms of the higher ideals of some new circle, to which we have been admitted, that we raise the deeds of the future above the

attainment of the past. Water rises easily enough to the level once reached. How much force must be expended to carry it above this! The treaty successfully imposed on the world by some great statesman, serves only to remind his school-fellows of his old-time triumphs in playing-field or class-room. Many a brilliant general has been known to study his battles with the aid of tin soldiers. The future merely repeats the past, in new combinations, and in relation to changed problems.

Thus we arrive at the fundamental laws of nation-birth. *Any country which is geographically distinct, has the power to become the cradle of a nationality. National unity is dependent upon place. The rank of a nation in humanity is determined by the complexity and potentiality of its component parts. What any one of its elements has achieved in the past the nation may expect to attain as a whole, in the future. Complexity of elements, when duly subordinated to the nationalising influence of place, is a source of strength, and not weakness to a nation.*

India, at the present moment, in the throes of the passage from Mediæval to Modern, out of a theocratic into the National formation, affords an excellent field for the study of these laws. Many observers—aware that the Indian people to-day are proposing to themselves this transition—see nothing before them but disappointment and defeat.

"What," say they of this school, "Honeycombed as India is by diversity of languages; ridden by the weight of customs that are alike in no two provinces; with a population drawn from races black, yellow, and white, and clinging with jealous persistence to the distinctive individuality of each element; filled with types as different from one another as the Punjabee and the Bengalee; divided at best into two, by the cleavage between Mahommedan and Hindu, to talk of unity, in this seething variety, is the merest folly! The idea of an Indian Nationality is simple moonshine!" Such opinions are, in fact, held by most Europeans who have visited or resided in India: they are combined, moreover, with a genuine contempt for all who differ from them. Yet they may not be the only conclusions possible upon the facts, and it is generally granted that sentence is not well pronounced till both sides of a case have been heard.

The question arises then, is there any unity of life and type perceptible amongst the Indian people, which might sooner or later serve as the foundation for a realised Indian Nationality? It is perhaps true that the Bengalee is the Irishman of India; the Mahratta, the Scot, the Panjabee, Welshman or Highlander, as we choose to name him; but is there anything common to all these, and to others, that relates them to one another, as the central fact of

Britonhood relates their Western counterparts? On the existence or non-existence of such community of life and type must depend the ultimate reasonableness of Indian National aspirations.

The first treasure of a nation, geographical distinctness, India undeniably possesses, in an extraordinary degree. Around her feet the sapphire seas, with snow-clad mountain-heights behind her head, she sits enthroned. And the races that inhabit the area thus shut it, stand out, as sharply defined as herself, against the Mongolians of the North-East, and the Semites of the North-West. Within this land, Aryan ideals and concepts dominate those of all other elements. There is a self-organization of thought that precedes external organization, and the accumulation of characteristics in a single line, which this brings about, is what we mean by racial types. In India, the distinctive stock of ideas rises out of her early pre-occupation with great truths. Neither Jain nor Mahommedan admits the authority of the Vedas or the Upanishads, but both are affected by the culture derived from them. Both are marked, as strongly as the Hindu, by a high development of domestic affection, by a delicate range of social observation and criticism and by the conscious admission that the whole of life is to be subordinated to the ethical struggle between inclination and conscience. In other words all the people of India show

the result of education, under theocratic systems, for the concern of churches is ever primarily with the heart. When Egypt was building her Pyramids, India was putting a parallel energy into the memorising of the Vedas, and the patient elaboration of the philosophy of the Upanishads. The culture begun so early, has proceeded to the present day without a break, holding its own on its own ground and saturating Indian society with standards of thought and feeling, far in advance of those common in other countries. A profound emotional development and refinement is the most marked trait of Indian personality, and it is common to all the races and creeds of that vast sub-continent, from those of the highest civilization to those of the lowest and most primitive.

Again, the key-stone of the arch of family devotion, alike for Hindu and Mahommedan, lies in the feeling of the son for his mother. Whatever may change or fluctuate, here our feet are on a rock. There can be no variation in the tenderness and intensity of this relationship. In it, personal affection rises to the height of religious passion. It is this fact at Eastern life that gives its depth to our symbol of Madonnahood—the child as the refuge and glory of woman, the mother giving sanctity and security to life. Very closely connected, but not identical with this, is the organic part played

in the life of the Eastern household by the aged. A gentle raillery, a tender gaiety, is the link between them and members in the prime of life. This is one of the most beautiful features of communal civilization, that the old are an essential factor in the family. There is here none of the dislocation of life that so often results, with us, Europeans, from the loneliness and informity of elderly persons. Their wisdom forms one of the most valued of the common assets, even while their playfulness ranks them with the children, and the burden of attendance is easily shared amongst the many younger women. India, with her memory of great leisure, is not easily vulgarised by the strenuous ideals that make a man feel himself useless, amongst us when his working days are over. She knows that only with the ending of activity can the most precious fruits of experience come to ripeness. Cooks and blacksmiths may need the strength of youth, but statesmen and bishops are best made at sixty.

We have few classes in Calcutta who seem to us so rough and worthless as our *ghari-wallahs* or cab-drivers. They are Mahommedans for the most part, who have left their families in the country, and they are not noticeable, as a type, for self-restraint or steadiness of conduct. Yet it was one of these whom I met one day at the corner of my own lane, carefully, with an expression of ineffable gentleness,

guiding an old Hindu woman through a dangerous crush of vehicles! He had jumped from his box, at sight of the blind and stumbling feebleness, and left his *ghari* in charge of its small footman, or *syce*. It was the Prophet of Arabia who said, "He who kisses the feet of his mother attains to Paradise." In devotion to the mother, and in chivalry for old age, Mahommedan and Hindu, high and low, in India, are absolutely at one. It is a mistake to suppose that even the religious demarcation between Hinduism and Islam has the bitterness that divides, for instance, Geneva from Rome. Sufi-ism, with its roll of saints and martyrs, contributes to Mahommedanism a phase of development which matches Hinduism in its highest forms. The apostles of either faith are recognizable by the other. The real divergence between the two religions lies rather in the body of associated customs, than in doctrines, which are not philosophically incomprehensible.

The Mahommedan derives his customs from Arabia, and from a period in which the merging of many tribes in a national unity was the great need: the Hindu bases his habits on his own past, and on the necessity of preserving a higher civilization from modification by lower. In other words, the difference between the two deals rather with matters of household and oratory, woman and the priesthood, than with those interests out of which

the lives of *men*, and activities, civic and national, are built. This fact is immediately seen wherever either faith is sovereign. Many of the highest and most trusted officers of a Hindu ruler will be Mahommedans, and, to take a special instance, I may say that I have nowhere heard such loyalty expressed for the Nizam of Hyderabad, as by Hindu members of his Government. In the region north of Benares, again, where Mahommedanism has been tranquil and undisturbed for hundreds of years, there is something very near to social fusion between the two. A significant indication of this lies in the names given to boys, which are often—like *Ram Baksh*, for example—compounded of roots Sanskritic and Arabic!

With the exception of the word *magnetism*, there is probably no single term so vaguely used as Caste. Taking this, however, as referring to a series of social groups, each thoroughly marked off from all others, and united within itself by equality of rank, custom, and occupation, we shall quickly see that this institution is capable of proving rather favourable than the reverse to solidarity of the public life. All over India to-day, as of old in Babylon or Thebes, or Periclean Athens, the communal intercourse of streets and river-sides stands out in bold contrast against the cloister-like privacy of the home. This is partly due to climate, and partly to the

persistence, in this one country, of conceptions and associations which appear to us as classical. In this communal unity, there is no demand for social uniformity. Such matters, concerning only the intimate personal life, are relegated to the sphere of the family and the care of woman and priests. Caste is no concern of the school, the bathing-ghat, or the town. On this side, indeed, the word connotes little more than a rigid form of good-breeding. It defines the ground on which no outsider may intrude. To regard it as a barrier to co-operation would be about as relevant as to view in a similar light the fact that we may not ask a European woman her age. How absurd would be the statement that this rule of etiquette was any obstacle to united action! Granted that in eating and wiving a man consorts with his own, he may do what he chooses, and go where he will, in all other concerns of his life. Each caste is, in effect, to its own members, as a school of self-government; and the whole institution provides an excellent framework for labour-organizations, and other forms of socio-political activity. These facts, indeed, are so obvious to the eye that views them with the necessary breadth, that it is difficult to see how any other impression ever gained currency.

Many persons use the word unity in a way that would seem to imply that the unity of a lobster,

with its monotonous repetition of segments and limbs, was more perfect than that of the human body, which is not even alike on its right and left sides. For my own part, I cannot help thinking that the scientific advance of the nineteenth century has enabled us to think with more complexity than this. I cannot forget a French working man, calling himself a Positivist, who came up to me some years ago, in a university-settlement in the West, and said, "Have the people of India any further proof to offer of the oneness of Humanity, beyond the fact that if I hurt you I hurt myself, and the other fact that no two of us are exactly alike?" And then, seeing perhaps a look of surprise, he added thoughtfully, "for the fact that we are all different is, in its way, a proof of our unity!" The conception thus indicated, I have come to think an exalted one. My friend spoke of the organic, as distinguished from a merely mechanical unity, and for myself I find an overwhelming aspect of Indian unity in the fact that no single member or province repeats the function of any other.

Against the great common background of highly developed feeling, the Bengalee stands out with his suavity and humour; the Mahratta exhibits his grimness and tenacity. The one may glory in his imagination, the other in his strength of will. The Panjabee has the faultless courage, and also something

of the child-likeness, of a military race. The Dravidian has the gravity and decorum of one whose dwelling is in the shadow of a church. The Mahommedan, wherever we meet him, stands unmatched for his courtesy and grandeur of bearing. And everyone of these, we must remember, responds to the same main elemental motives. With all alike, love of home, pride of race, idealism of woman, is a passion. With every one, devotion to India as India finds some characteristic expression. To the Hindu of all provinces, his Motherland is the seat of holiness, the chosen home of righteousness, the land of seven sacred rivers, "the place to which sooner or later must come all souls in the quest of God." To the son of Islam, her earth is the dust of his saints. She is the seal upon his greatest memories. Her villages are his home. In her future lies his hope. In both, the nationalising consciousness is fresh and unexhausted. That which Asoka was, seated, two hundred and fifty years before Christ, on the great throne of Pataliputra—what Akbar was, at Delhi, eighteen centuries later—that, in the sense of national responsibility, every Indian man must become to-morrow. For this is the age, not of thrones, but of democracies; not of empires, but of nationalities; and the India that faces the sunrise of nations, is young and strong.—*The Hindustan Review.*

THE FUTURE EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN WOMAN

HERE in India, the woman of the future haunts us. Her beauty rises on our vision perpetually. Her voice cries out on us. Until we have made ready a place for her, until we throw wide the portals of our life, and go out, and take her by the hand to bring her in, the Mother-land Herself stands veiled and ineffective, with eyes lost, in set patience, on the Earth. It is essential, for the joyous revealing of that great Mother, that she be first surrounded by the mighty circle of these, Her daughters, the Indian women of the days to come. It is they who must consecrate themselves before Her, touching Her feet with their proud heads, and vowing, to her their own, their Husbands', and their children's lives. Then and then only will she stand crowned before the world. Her sanctuary to-day is full of shadows. But when the womanhood of India can perform the great *arati* of nationality, that temple shall be all light, nay, the dawn verily shall be near at hand. From end to end of India, all who understand are agreed that the education of our women must needs,

at this crisis, undergo some revision. Without their aid and co-operation none of the tasks of the present can be finally accomplished. The problems of the day are woman's as well as man's. And how idle were it to boast that our hearts are given to the Mother, unless we seek to enshrine Her in every one of our lives.

Indian hesitation, however, about a new type of feminine education, has always been due to a misgiving as to its actual aims, and in this the people have surely been wise. Have the Hindu women of the past been a source of shame to us, that we should hasten to discard their old-time grace and sweetness, their gentleness and piety, their tolerance and child-like depth of love and pity, in favour of the first crude product of Western information and social aggressiveness? On this point India speaks with no uncertain voice. "Granted," she says in effect, "that a more arduous range of mental equipment is now required by women, it is nevertheless better to fail in the acquisition of this, than to fail in the more essential demand, made by the old type of training, on character. An education of the brain that uprooted humility and took away tenderness, would be no true education at all. These virtues may find different forms of expression in mediæval and modern civilisations, but they are necessary in both. All education worth having must first devote itself to the

developing and consolidating of character, and only secondarily concern itself with intellectual accomplishment."

The question that has to be solved for Indian-women, therefore is a form of education that might attain this end, of developing the faculties of soul and mind in harmony with one another. Once such a form shall be successfully thought out and its adequacy demonstrated, we shall, without further ado, have an era amongst us of Woman's Education. Each successful experiment will be the signal for a circle of new attempts. Already there is longing enough abroad to serve the cause of woman. All that we ask is to be shown the way.

Important to education as is the question of method, it is still only subordinate to that of purpose. It is our fundamental motive that tells in the development we attempt to give our children. It is therefore the more urgently necessary that in the training of girls we should have a clearly-understood ideal towards which to work. And in this particular respect, there is perhaps no other country in the world so fortunately placed as India. She is, above all others, the land of great women. Wherever we turn, whether to history or literature, we are met on every hand by those figures whose strength she mothered and recognised, while she keeps their memory eternally sacred.

What is the type of woman we most admire? Is she strong, resourceful, inspired, fit for moment of crisis? Have we not Padmini of Cheetore, Chand Bibi, Mansi Rani? Is she saintly, a poet, and a mystic? Is there not Meera Bai? Is she the queen, great in administration? Where is Rani Bhowani, where Ahalya Bai, where Sanhabi of Pipperah? Is it wifehood in which we deem that woman shines brightest? What of Sati, of Savitri, of the ever-glorious Sita? Is it in maidenhood? There is Uma. And where in all the womanhood of the world, shall be found another as grand as Gandhari?

These ideals moreover are constructive. That is to say, it is not their fame and glory that the Indian child is trained to contemplate. It is their holiness, simplicity, sincerity, in a word, their character. This, indeed, is always a difference between one's own and, an alien ideal. Impressed by the first, it is an effort that we seek to imitate: admiring the second, we endeavour to arrive at its results. There can never be any sound education of the Indian woman, which does not begin and end in exaltation of the national ideals of womanhood, as embodied in her own history and heroic literature.

But woman must undoubtedly be made *efficient*. Sita and Savitri were great in wifehood, only as the fruit of that antecedent fact, that they were great women. There was no place in life that they did

not fill graciously and dutifully. Both satisfied every demand of the social ideal. At once queen and housewife, saint and citizen, submissive wife and solitary nun, as heroic combatant, both were equal to all the parts permitted them, in the drama of their time. Perfect wives as they were, if they had never been married at all, they must have been perfect just the same, as daughters, sisters, and disciples. This efficiency to all the circumstances of life, this womanhood before wifehood, and humanity before womanhood, is something at which the education of the girl must aim in every age.

But the moral ideal of the India of to-day has taken on new dimensions—the national and civic. Here also woman must be trained to play her part. And again, by struggling towards these she will be educated. Every age has its own intellectual synthesis, which must be apprehended, before the ideal of that age can be attained. The numberless pathways of definite mental concept, by which the orthodox Hindu woman must go to self-fulfilment, form, to the western mind a veritable labyrinth. So far from being really uneducated, or non-educated, indeed, as is so commonly assumed, the conservative Hindu woman has received an education which in its own way is highly specialised, only it is not a type recognised as of value by modern peoples.

Similarly, in order to achieve the ideal of efficiency for the exigencies of the twentieth century, a characteristic synthesis has to be acquired. It is no longer merely the spiritual or emotional content of a statement that has to be conveyed to the learner, as in the mythologico-social culture of the past. The student must now seek to understand the limitations of the statement, its relation to cognate ideas and the steps by which the race has come to this particular formulation. The modern synthesis, in other words, is scientific, geographical, and historical, and these three modes of knowing must needs—since there is no sex in truth—be achieved by woman as by man.

Science, history and geography, are thus as three dimensions in which the mind of the present age moves, and from which it seeks to envisage all ideas. Thus the conception of nationality—on which Indian efforts to-day converge—must be realised by us, in the first place, as a result of the study of the history of our own nation, with all its divergent elements of custom, race, language, and the rest. The civic sense, in the same way, must be reached by a study of our own cities, their positions, and the history of their changes from age to age.

Again, the nation must be seen, not only in relation to its own past, and its own place, but also, in relation to other nations. Here we come upon the necessity for geographical knowledge. Again,

history must be viewed geographically and geography historically. A great part of the glory and dignity of the ideally modern woman lies in her knowledge that her house is but a tent pitched for a night on the star-lit world-plane, that each hour, as it passes, is but a drop from an infinite stream, flowing through her hand, to be used as she will, for benediction or for sorrow, and then to flow on irresistibly again. And behind such an attitude of mind, lies a severe intellectual discipline. But even the proportion which the personal moment bears to space and time, is not formula enough for the modern spirit. This demands, in addition, that we learn what is to it the meaning of the truth, or science, the fact in itself. This particular conception of truth is perhaps no more absolute than others current in other ages, but it is characteristic of the times, and by those who have to pass the world's test, it has to be understood. Yet even this marked truth, thus thirsted after, has to be held as only a fragment of an infinitely extended idea, in which Evolution and Classification of the sciences play the parts of history and geography.

Nature, the Earth, and Time, are thus the three symbols by whose means the modern mind attains to possession of itself. No perfect means of using them educationally has ever been discovered or devised by man. The spirit of each individual is the scene of a

struggle for their better realisation. Every schoolroom embodies an attempt to communalise the same endeavour. Those who would transmit the modern idea to the Indian woman, must begin where they can, and learn, from their own struggles, how better to achieve. In the end, the idea once caught, the Indian woman herself will educate Indian women—meanwhile every means that offers ought to be taken. The wandering *Bhagabats* or *Kothuk*, with the magic lantern, may popularise geography, by showing slides illustrative of the various pilgrimages. History outside the Mahabharata and Ramayana might be familiarised in the same way. And there is no reason why simple lectures on hygiene, sanitation, and the plants and animals of the environment should not also be given by the wandering teachers to the assembled community, with its women behind the screens. Pictures, pictures, pictures, these are the first of instruments in trying to concretise ideas, pictures and the Mother-tongue. If we would impart a love of country, we must give a country to love. How shall women be enthusiastic about something they cannot imagine?

Schools large and small, schools in the home and out of it, schools elementary and advanced, all these are an essential part of any working out of the great problem. But these schools must be within Indian life, not antagonistic to it. The mind set

between two opposing worlds of schools and home is inevitably destroyed. The highest ambition of the school must be to give moral support to the ideals taught in the home, and the home to those imparted in the school—the densest ignorance would be better for our women than any departure from this particular canon.

In making the school as much an essential of the girl's life, as it has always been of the boys, we are establishing something which is never to be undone. Every generation as it comes will have to carry out the great task of the next generation's schooling. This is one of the constant and normal functions of human society. But much in the problem of Woman's Education as we to-day see it, is a difficulty of the time only. We have to carry our country through an arduous transition. Once the main content of the modern consciousness finds its way into the Indian vernaculars, the problem will have disappeared, for we learn more from our Mother-tongue itself, than from all our schools and schoolmasters. In order to bring about that great day, however, the Mother Herself calls for vows and service of a vast spiritual knighthood. Hundreds of youngmen are necessary, to league themselves together for the deepening of education in the best ways amongst women. Most students, perhaps might be able to vow twelve lessons in a year to be

given, either in home or village, during the holidays —this should hardly prove an exhausting undertaking—yet how much might be done by it.

Others might be willing to give themselves to the task of building up the vernacular literatures. The book and the magazine penetrate into recesses where the teacher's foot never yet trod. The library, or the book-shelf, is a mute university. How are women to understand Indian history, if, in order to read about Buddha or Asoka, about Chandragupta or Akbar, they have first to learn a foreign language? Great will be the glory of those hereafter who hide their ambition for the present, in the task of conveying modern knowledge in the tongues of women and the people!

Seeing that this first generation of pioneer work must needs be done mainly by men, on behalf of women, there are some who would scoff at the possibility of such generosity and devotion. But those who know the Indian people deeply cannot consent to this sneer. Life in India is socially sound. Civilization is organic, spiritual, altruistic. When the practice of *sutee* was to be abolished, it was done on the initiative of an Indian *man*, Ram Mohun Roy. When monogamy was to be emphasised as the one ideal of marriage, it was again from a man, Vidyasagar of Bengal, that the impulse came. In the East, it is not by selfish agitation, from within, that great reforms and extensions of privilege are brought

about. It is by spontaneous effort, by gracious conferring of right from the other side. Or if indeed woman feel the pinch of some sharp necessity, some ill to be righted, is she not mother of man as well as of woman? Can she not whisper to her son, in his childhood, of the task to which she assigns him? And shall she not thus forge a weapon more powerful than any her own weak hands could weild? Such a woman was the mother of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar and such was the inspiration that made him the woman's champion.

But one word there is to be said, of warning and direction to that young priesthood of learning, to whom this generation entrusts the problem we have been considering. Education can never be carried out by criticism or discouragement. Only he who sees the noblest thing in the taught can be an effective teacher. Only by the greatness of Indian life can we give a sense of the greatness of the world outside India. Only by the love of our own people can we learn the love of humanity—and only by a profound belief in the future of the Indian woman, can any man be made worthy to help in bringing that future about. Let the preacher of the New Learning be consecrated to the vision of one who resumes into herself the greatness of the whole Indian past. Let him hope and most earnestly pray that in this our time, in all our villages, we are to

see women great even as Gandhari, faithful and brave as Savitri, holy and full of tenderness as Sita. Let the past be as wings unto the feet of the future. Let all that has been be as steps leading us up the mountain of what is yet to be. Let every Indian woman incarnate for us the whole spirit of the Mother and the culture and protection of the Homeland. *Bhuma Devi*! Goddess of the Homestead! Bande Mataram!—*Ceylon National Review.*

APPENDIX

APPRECIATIONS OF SISTER NIVEDITA

I

By Mrs. J. C. Bose

IT is just thirteen years that a young English woma —a picture of health and vigour—with a face beam ing with enthusiasm, called on me. She explaine that her object was to serve our women—not as on from outside but as one from within, and that sh must therefore live their life and be one of them. could not help telling her of my misgivings know ing full well the almost insurmountable barrier tha stood in her way.

It was not till a much later date, when I had bee blessed with her friendship, that I came to know th strength that lay behind the life of Margar E. Noble. How manifold were the blessings sh conferred on all who came in contact with her an in how many directions she has effectively serve our motherland, it is too early yet to speak. I ca

only give a few glimpses of that beautiful life which has so deeply impressed me.

It was no accident that had shaped her life. Her father, an eloquent English clergyman of great promise, had ungrudgingly sacrificed his young life in the service of the poor in Manchester. A great love existed between the father and the child. A friend of his, a preacher in India, had come on a visit. Being struck with the spiritual earnestness of the child's face, he had given her his blessings and said that one day the claim of India would touch her. This seemed prophetic of what was to come. Her father, too, before his death had told her young mother that he knew that one day a great call would come for the child and that the mother should then stand by her. Thus it was that she was consecrated, so that when the call did come, though the mother's heart was full of anguish at the thought of parting, the memory of her dead husband strengthened her. Henceforth India, the object of her daughter's devotion, became hers too; and Indians always found a touch of home in her house at Wimbledon.

The child gradually developed rare intellectual power. Even Huxley had been struck by her intellect. In time, she became the centre of a great educational movement, an outcome of which was the famous Sesame Club. At the very time when there were opened before her great possibilities in London

for her splendid intellectual gifts, the call of India reached her. Swami Vivekananda was at that time preaching in London, and in response to this message of the East, she offered her lifelong services and immediately left for India.

A few months after the interview in which I could hold out very little hopes for her success in her educational efforts among our orthodox sisters, I was invited to her little house in Bosepara Lane. I was astonished. She had accomplished the impossible. Having secured a house in the midst of orthodox surroundings, at first no Hindu servant would serve her; but she went without any help rather than wound the feelings of her neighbours. Many a day passed when there could be no cooking, and she lived on fruits and on what some kindly neighbour would send her. After a time however the people about came to regard her as their own in so far that even the most orthodox and saintly women felt happy to live in the house as her guest.

It is a wonderful story—how little by little she completely won the heart of the people by her patient love. At first the children of the neighbourhood came. This led to the establishment of a kindergarten school. Their mothers were not to be left behind; they too were drawn in and a separate class for grown-up women came to be started. Orphans and widows found in her a sympathetic heart

always ready to succour, and they were taken in to be trained by her as teachers. In this way "The House of the Sisters" was established in the heart of the orthodox community. Her work in India became so widely recognized that some of the greatest men both of Europe and America came to see her and went back inspired with a great love for the country which she had adopted as her own.

It was through her own writings, and the help of one in the West who came to regard her as her own daughter, that she maintained the house and the school. Those living in the neighbourhood know how by far the large portion of her income was used by her to help the needy and feed the starving, even depriving herself of many necessities.

Her civic training soon found scope in keeping the Lane and its neighbourhood a picture of cleanliness. This was not easy, but she showed the way by sweeping the Lane with her own hand. It was about this time the plague broke out for the first time in Calcutta. Many will remember the wild panic that seized the people. Trains and steamers were crowded with fleeing people. When the terror was at its climax, Margaret Noble was active in her errands of mercy. She organized a band of young men, with whose help she cleaned the most insanitary spots in the northern part of the town. She personally undertook the task of nursing plague patients, contact with

whom was almost certain death. One little plague-stricken child, of humble parentage lay in her lap dying and clasped its little hands round her, taking her for its mother.

It was this protecting motherhood that was so characteristic of her life. I remember how on one occasion, she gave her own warm cloak to her servant while she herself shivered with cold thinking that the poor servant's need was greater than hers. This is but a single instance of her depriving herself for others. She could never get accustomed to the privations and suffering of the people around her, and this was an abiding sorrow with her.

During her first voyage to India, there was on board the steamer a young Englishman whom his parents must have found a difficult problem at home and so had packed him off to India. He was intemperate and had made himself very obnoxious at table. While everyone else was annoyed at him and avoided him, her heart was touched with great sorrow and she trembled at the terrible fate that awaited him, cut off as he was from the influences and the restraints of home. She found occasion to see him, and to give him the only valuable thing she possessed—a gold watch, the birthday gift from her mother. She told him that he was on no account to pawn it but to keep it as a memento of those who believed in his being able to build up his life. A year

ago a most touching letter came from the mother of this boy, telling her how her son had been helped through her to choose a new life and had remembered her even when he lay dying in South Africa.

All the strength of that mother heart that would protect was now centred in India. The hardships she had to face, however, soon broke down her health and she lay a long time hovering between life and death. After her recovery she was specially warned by her doctor never again to endanger her health by overwork.

The news of the famine in East Bengal now reached her. For her there could be no quiet or peaceful life when there was suffering in the land. She would go. And for may days she visited village after village in Barisal wading through flooded and sub-merged lands. The terrible picture she saw she delineated afterwards in her "Famine and Flood in East Bengal." But that was long afterwards. The swamps she had passed through, the strain she had undergone, resulted in her being attacked by a severe type of malaria. The sufferings of the fever however were as nothing compared with the living over again of that anguish she had witnessed. It was after a long time that she recovered sufficiently to resume her work, but she was never fully free from its effects. Her dear friend in the West and medical friends here urged the absolute necessity of moving

to a healthier part of the town, but she would be true to that spot which had first given her shelter. "The Lane has adopted me and I must stay here and nowhere else." The little ones she had seen toddling about in the lane had grown up about her and they were her children. Many a struggling one had come to her here whose lives she had ennobled. It was not for her to choose but be true to that trust that had come to her.

I am writing about her only as a woman, as I knew her in everyday life, full of austerity, and possessed with a longing for righteousness which shone round her like a pure flame. Others will know her as the great moral and intellectual force which had come to us in a time of great national need. Never have I known such complete self-effacement. I have seen the greatest thinkers in England, France, America, religious leaders, social workers, politicians and scholars filled with admiration and reverence for her clear vision and keen intellect and noble personality. All the rare gifts that opened out a great career for her in the West, she laid at the service of our motherland. Not that she loved England less but she believed that England could only remain great through righteousness. She had so completely identified herself with us that I never heard her use phrases like "Indian need" or "Indian Women." It was always *Our need*, *Our Women*. She was

never as an outsider who came to help, but one of us who was striving and groping about to find ways of salvation.

Little more remains to be said. She had been engaged in completing two great works of India which she had been commissioned to do by two eminent publishers in London and New York. Along with it she had been carrying out the exacting duties of her school. All these told on her health and it was thought that a change to the bracing climate of Darjiling might restore her.

Years ago in a foreign land she had nursed me back to health; my opportunity had now come. We were full of hope but she knew that it was ordained otherwise. There was to be no sadness. Every morning bright smile and brave words greeted us. She spoke only about the beloved work of her life—education of "our" women and how it was to be continued. All she had, all that might come from her books, everything was for the service of the motherland.

All her life she had selflessly devoted herself to work, but in these last days it seemed to her that she had not effaced herself enough. Some one had once spoken of her dominant personality. This must have come to her mind and she prayed that she might now be taken away so that there would be room for others to grow.

A few days before she came to Darjiling she had printed to send to her friends a daily prayer for the world which she had rendered into English from ancient Buddhism. Perhaps she knew that it was a word of final farewell from one whose life had been a constant prayer for freedom. She asked that this might be recited to her:

> Let all things that breathe,—without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness—move forward freely, each in his own path!
>
> In the East and in the West, in the North, and in the South, let all beings that are—without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness—move forward freely, each in his own path!

To her the worst bondage was ignorance and her face shone with radiance as she recited—

> From the Unreal lead us to the Real!
> From Darkness lead us unto Light!
> From Death lead us to Immortality!
> Reach us through and through ourselves.
> And evermore protect us,— O Thou Terrible!—from ignorance
> By Thy sweet compassionate Face.

The days had been full of cloud and mist, but there was a little parting of the clouds on the morning of the 13th October. She spoke of the frail boat that was sinking, but also that she was yet to see the sunrise. The sun had just risen over the snows when a shaft of light came streaming in and the

great striving soul went forth to wake up in another Dawn.

As I sat by her bedside the story that she herself had told of Uma Haimavati came vividly before me. This was the very season when she came to her Father's Home. Here, too, was another Uma, the fair daughter of the snows, who had after a long parting come back once more to her Indian home. Had she to wait for this incarnation to know and be with her own? Or is it that in our Father's Mansion there is no such thing as North or South, East or West?—*Modern Review.*

II

BY MR. J. F. ALEXANDER

In Memoriam

The elements of nation-building that makes the new epoch or reinstil the national consciousness embody themselves in personalities; and these, in their time, can only be partly known or the meaning of their lives understood. Only in the distance do they loom upon the national horizon—and then only can we see them in their true relations. Their

characters personify the national spirit in its effort to express itself and the ideals and ideas that particularise it from other nations.

In closely studying a national character we see, as it were, a composite of innumerable photographs of the personality of the nation, reflecting and experiencing in one soul the struggle of the myriads that make it. The national character is, of itself, as its life shows and its message reveals, impersonal, because of the multiple personality it synthesises within itself, and because of the uplifting it purposes to bring about for the masses whose cause and thought it represents.

In a national character is witnessed the tempest of the nation for self-expression. At the time, it may be that even the nation does not understand—but it eventually comes to know, as history attests, and with that knowledge is born, with irresistible vigour, the national consciousness.

The India of To-day is a New-India, because with us have been national characters whose effort and whose realisation have made a great national self-consciousness which has spread over and been partaken of by the Indian world, as a whole.

There have been several such characters within our midst of commanding influence. With the heart throbbings of their purpose the pulse of the nation itself was quickened;—aye, and into the passing from

mortal view of such souls, it stops, for the time,—the spirit of the land plunging into that grief and sense of loss, out of the anguish of which heroes are born.

In such a condition of thought and feeling, India finds itself with the passing away of the Sister Nivedita of Rk.-V., who expired at Darjiling on October the thirteenth.

She stands out in bold relief against the background of the national mind,—a great personality—carved by the unconscious desire of the people into their own image and likeness and into the living representation of their life and ideals. She consciously voiced the silent want and the voiceless need of millions and she uttered unto them that message which all the powers of her soul, even at the sacrifice of her own self, formulated as the national consciousness.

There has not been in the making of the modern Indian mind a personality with such a capacity for understanding its problems and with such inexhaustible energy in the direction of work. Day in and day out for more than fourteen years, she had made her spirit one with that of the land, penetrating into every nook and crevice of the Indian experience for evidences of its greatness as fewest have ever done, searching for the powers and the self-recreating spirit of India. The result and the realisation is the idea and the coinage of the term, the national consciousness.

Strange beyond measure is her life and place in India, because, coming from a distant land, she had been able, through a process which probably she herself did not fully understand, to reshape everything she previously was—in spite of the fact that her personality was intense—and take rebirth into the Indian consciousness, becoming a patriot among patriots and a messenger among messengers to the Indian peoples.

Studying the mission of the Sister Nivedita, one becomes aware of her life, not so much as of a single personality, as of the development, struggle and expression of a complex and representative mind, whose occupation was the moulding of the highest intellectual illumination into channels of important usefulness.

Before coming to India, she had cherished dreams of a new method in education, and of a work which should enlarge the scope of learning from mere instruction to a real awakening of mind. She had hoped much, and, it was her aspiration that womankind would enter new paths of life and develop the highest individualism of which it was capable. The newest moods of thought that occupied the leading minds of Europe were hers, and with a clear conception of a purpose of life, she turned the currents of her personal energy into founding and upholding the standard and the principles of a higher education

and also of a new and expansive individualism for woman.

With this she was busily engaged when destiny put her into the path of Hinduism. In the fall of 1895 the Swami Vivekananda, coming from his great success in preaching the Gospel of Hinduism in America, sojourned for sometime in London. The Sister Nivedita or as she was then known, Miss Margaet E. Noble was of that circle upon whom the Swami made a living and lasting impression.

The full import of that impression, however, she herself did not become aware of, as she admits, until her coming to India. She had accepted the philosophy of the Hindus, as defined by the Swami, and even in those early days of her discipleship of Hinduism was foreshadowed that particular understanding she later became fully possessed of and revealed, namely, that in India religion and society are one, that the national righteousness is equal to the righteousness that religion proposes—the Highest Expression and the Highest Individualism of Man.

She saw that behind all human struggle and expression and underlying all forms of human aspiration, whether in the sciences, or in religion, as a special form, was the Indomitable Determination of Man to reveal Himself and to find and express that Freedom of His Own Nature from the bondages and

blunders to which his undeveloped consciousness is heir.

"All this is One, she once remarked in this relation in one of her unusual moments of insight and this which with some is only a self-satisfactory doctrine of metaphysics grew with every hour of her career as a motto and an inspiration for work in the concrete. She drew the bars of an iron determination to understand and serve across the personal contentment and peace she might have gained had she sought solitude and like a "sannyasini," lived her life in contemplation on purely religious matters.

That settled happiness she intentionally renounced. "Emotion should only serve to colour thought," she insisted and so we find her speaking little of her personal feeling about the religion and land of her adoption, while on the other hand we see her pouring her understanding of the needs and of the spirit of India, which she had gathered after much intellectual toil and pain, as molten gold into the forms and materials of a living nationalism.

Patriotism with her was religion, and "jnana" to her was that understanding of the land which would inflame the individual to self-sacrifice and spirited endeavour for the masses. She had realised the urgent need of maintaining, in their purity and vigour, those characteristic ideals which make up the body of Indian society, as well as its religion.

Therefore, she maintained that only in so far as India had perfect freedom of national expression could she keep in her vision, as a constant presence, the company of ideals which specialise her among the nations of the world.

Therefore, she insistently demanded that freedom at every turn and for that reason she formulated, announced and lived and died for the religion of the national righteousness.

A survey of her life and work in India is likewise a survey of all the growth which the spirit of India has made during its present epoch-making period. Her thought had concerned itself with every form of the national awakening. Of many forms she was, indeed, the fountain-head and inspiration. It was she who took up the cause of the future of Indian Womanhood. Translating all her thought for the education, of womanhood in the land of her birth to the service of woman in this land, she opened and maintained a school for girls in the very heart of orthodox Calcutta.

This was the most cherished of all her purposes. It was a passionate desire on her part and it inspired her to go through many hardships and live the ascetic life of the Hindu Brahmacharini. The school was the temple of her work and of her hopes. It was the sanctuary of the truth she perceived and uttered concerning India. Here her life was spent among

the women and the people, identified with their interests and their life.

Wonderful, by itself, was that life she lived, even as a person—a life of such constant renunciation that it would have told severely and in a short time upon one less gifted with the capacity for living in a world of deepest thought and unflinching purpose. Her life was a flame of intellectual and personal austerity.

Utterly oblivious of physical surroundings she lived as she was, a giant force of mind concerned with itself and accustomed to find companionship and peace, in its own activity, unawares, as it were, of the body. With her, life was a constant meditation upon the problems of India, broken only by the demands made upon her time and thought and service.

Those whose fortune it was to know her, found themselves, when she spoke on those subjects she had nearest her will, transported into a world where ideals are realities and thought, a living power. Her's was an illuminated intellect. Her penetration into the world of ideas and intentions was such that what was previously in the mind only an intellectual consciousness of some truth became, under the radiance of her thought, an illumination and actual insight.

Her conversation itself was literature, but both the literature of her speech and the literature of her thought were the outcome of years and years of

effort. "Work! Work! Work!" was her motto. She had no time for theorists or sentimentalists. She dealt with living forms and detested idle speculations. Her ideal of perfection was in work that required effort without regard to time or personal sacrifice. "The man who built the Taj Mahal", she said, "knew, also, how to build a hut perfectly. Every perfect thing is a form of 'samadhi', or spiritual illumination." Such a perception of work she brought to the task of nation-making in this land.

Like a blast of a trumpet to action was her message to the pioneers of Indian art, literature and civic life. Through her severe criticism of following foreign ideas in art and literature or life she turned the tide of tendency in these respects and awakened an original and national purpose that has since become instinct. Everywhere she found new meanings in old customs and great learning in old traditions and saw that running as a string through a necklace of pearls was the synthesis of the Indian consciousness amid a seemingly hopeless variety of history and culture. She saw that every event, circumstance and condition that has served to mould the Indian mind in its historical experience is inseparably blended with every other and therefore she proclaimed on all occasions the historic and social oneness of the Mother-Heart, the Mother-Mind, the Mother-Church.

In quest of learning and understanding for the larger quest to serve, she traversed the length and breadth of India, here and there to secure a connecting link in Indian art or history or to tap the deeper levels of Indian life or come into relation with the spiritual purport of the people. Everywhere she left the impression of a soul whose life was an onrush of sincerity, overwhelming power and vigorous effort in the redeeming of a national self-respect and of a national oneness. She preached these things through her literature and through her personality. Masculine-minded and masculine in will she brooked no meddling with or distorting of her convictions. Whatever convictions she had—and they were many—were the outcome of an earnest search and of a sincere intellect. She had nothing to gain and much to lose from some of the positions she took, but once her will was set it was immoveable.

With her passes one of those few who have made Hinduism masculine and aggressive. She believed in a Hindu self-consciousness that should make active the potential powers of the people. She hoped for an India united in civic purposes, with the aspiration to solve its own problems according to the understanding of an enlightened people, and to march boldly in the vanguard of the nations, justly realising the inestimable contribution it has made to the experience and civilisation of man.

Her life affords the vision of a great soul, struggling amidst adverse conditions to express the truth it had so clearly seen and to reflect in the thought of the nation the illumination it has seen concerning it. She was the apostle of a gospel which will at no distant time be the *dharma* of a new national life; for a life such as hers cannot be lived in vain.

Somewhere sometime it will burst as an effulgence upon the blindness that covers our eyes and we shall see what now we cannot see, but what she saw, and we shall hear to what now we are deaf but which she heard and we shall have entered a condition of realisation for which we hope but which now passes our understanding. Even now before the dawn of that day we are sensing the message of which she has been the seer and prophet, and when that day dawns it will be on an India over which the Sister Nivedita lingered in thought and in love. —*Modern Review.*

III

BY MR. A. J. F. BLAIR

How can one begin to describe her? As a woman, a friend or an enthusiast? As a passionate votaress of beauty in art, in literature or in life? As a

religious mystic, or a political missionary of the fiery cross? As an orator whose voice was like a trumpet with a silver sound, or a writer able to charm new and noble cadences from the English tongue? As an interpreter between the West and the East, or a vehement champion of the East in all its aspects against the West? As the earnest advocate of all that is best in the modern women's movement, or herself the proud and spotless sum of womanhood?

It will perhaps be best to deal simply with a subject so vast as this transcendent personality. I go back then, to the Christmas afternoon in Calcutta nearly ten years ago, when I came face to face with Sister Nivedita for the first time. Long previously I had known her by reputation as a gifted "crank" —a well-born English woman who preferred an ascetic life in a lane of Northern Calcutta to the comforts and luxuries of her Western home. That was how most English people thought of her—that and nothing more. True I knew a little more about her. I had read some of the things she had written. I knew that she had stirred up the lethargic north of Calcutta to cleanse itself and so diminish its susceptibility to plague. I was prepared therefore to find her something out of the common.

I saw a tall, robust woman in the very prime of life. Her face in repose was almost plain. The cheeck bones were high and the jaws were square.

The face at the first glance expressed energy and determination, but you would hardly have looked at it again but for the forehead and the eyes. The eyes were a calm, deep blue, and literally lit up the whole countenance. The forehead was broad rather than high, and was surmounted by a semi-Indian sari, fastened to the abundant brown hair. In animation the face and its expression were transfigured, in sympathy with the rich, musical voice.

I was surprised at her appearance, and analysing the reasons for this afterwards discovered that I had expected her to be dark. Enthusiasts are often dark.

We met at a friendly tea table, and as I was the only other guest Sister Nivedita addressed herself directly to me. Our hosts knew what was coming, and chuckled quietly in their sleeves. I did not, and proceeded to indulge unsuspectingly in the amiable banalities which do duty for conversation at nine hundred and ninety-nine tea tables out of a thousand. The host and hostess, I am sorry to say, maliciously led me on.

The tranquil enjoyment of the situation ended with startling abruptness. Sister Nivedita suddenly whipped out a metaphorical rapier, and was under my guard before I could utter a gasp. I felt it to be a cowardly attack, and looked appealingly at mine host for protection. But his unfeeling grin conveyed the coldly comforting assurance that

I was about to be carved up into small sections, and that he and his wife were preparing to survey the operation with the keenest enjoyment.

Faint, and bleeding internally from my cruel and unexpected wound, I next appealed " ad misericordiam " to my assailant. But she was inexorable, and followed up her first advantage so remorselessly that in five minutes I gave up the ghost. It was a rude awakening, if the metaphor is not too mixed. I thought her an angel until she slew me. But I saw that she could be an angel without mercy.

As for me the encounter roused the devil within me. I forgot that she was a woman, and thirsted for revenge. Rendered careless by her easy victory she presently gave me an opening of which I took advantage in her own pitiless fashion. She admitted that I was only paying her back in her own coin, and we became friends from that moment. That as a matter of fact, was the motive of her sudden onslaught.

Friendship with Nivedita was not a slow growth. It sprang to maturity at the first meeting, or not at all; and I do not know that anyone was ever privileged to know the depths of her womanly kindness without first being subjected to that mortal test.

To be admitted to her friendship was to establish a claim upon an inexhaustible gold mine. She gave herself without reserve. She lived for her friends

and her work. For them she would pour out all her wondrous eloquence, and her vast and curious knowledge, she would travel any distance and would incur any labour and anxiety. Whatever she did, she did with all her might and she never did anything for herself.

To her friends she would open her heart without the smallest reserve. She talked even more freely than she wrote and her conversation, rich spontaneous, clear cut as a judicial utterance, threw new light upon art, literature and even science, and revealed her bold and fiery aspirations after Indian nationality.

If this was not her religion it was certainly a large part of it. She threw herself into the politics of Bengal at a critical time, and it would be difficult to exaggerate her influence upon the national movement. That influence was, of course, vehemently, nay fanatically anti-British. She had both Scottish and Irish blood, and she hated the English with all the sentimental fervour which was commoner than it is both in Ireland and Scotland. With true feminine obstinacy, she refused to look upon the bright side of British rule in India. She modified her views a year or two ago, but at the critical period I am speaking of she was firmly convinced that the British Raj was purely parasitic, and that India could not hope to recover herself until the noxious growth had been

torn, more or less violently, away. Nor did she shrink from the consequences of her theories. She looked on bloodshed with the mind of Krishna in the "Bhagavad-Gita." That is a mild way of indicating how she could talk—although no kinder hearted woman ever breathed.

She came to see afterwards, I think, that violence is no remedy for the state of India or for anything else. But ten years ago she was full of the revolutionary ideas which have since obtained so lurid an advertisement all over Asia. And as she was far too honest to keep them to herself and as her influence over young Bengal was greater than most people have ever suspected, she probably did more to create an atmosphere of unrest than all the newspapers in the world.

I myself heard her deliver a lecture in the Town Hall of Calcutta six or seven years ago, for which she would assuredly have been deported a few years later, its very title was seditious. And yet the platform from which she spoke was crowded with Europeans, while the body of the hall was a dense mass of young Bengalis, who listened to her as though she were inspired. The address itself was in oratorial "tour de force." Dynamic Religion" was the theme—in other words "patriotism"—and for an hour and a half Nivedita held the vast audience spell bound. She spoke without notes in her strong

melodious voice, and the upshot of it all was—"No more words—words—words. Let us have deeds—deeds—deeds." The seed then sown fructified earlier, perhaps than she herself expected.

Her best friends twitted her with being unpractical. Of course she was. They say her "Web of Indian Life" presents us with a picture idealized out of all relation to the facts. So much the worse for the facts! And so much the more wonderful that a Western genius should have pierced beyond the "flashy screen" to the exquisite ideals which lay behind. She is also charged with seeing India through a roseate haze. Indians themselves, we are told fail to recognize their country as it is reflected in her magic glass. With all respect I submit that this proves nothing. The sympathetic stranger may often see things to which familiarity has blinded the children of the land. It is true that she was a reactionary as well as a revolutionary. The inconsistency of the two positions did not trouble her in the slightest. As time went on the revolutionary element grew weaker and the reactionary element grew stronger—a not uncommon process of development.

Of all the eccentricities for which she stood blameable in European eyes the most outstanding was the perverseness with which she eschewed European society, and lived "al' Indienne" in Bosepara Lane,

Bagh Bazaar. The reason was simply that she had undertaken an educational work for which that was the most convenient centre. Herein she was practical enough. For the rest her spiritual nature found sustenance in the elaborate symbolism of the Hindus which was denied to less eager and less refined aspirants. Of her inner life it would not become us to speak. All that we can say is that it sustained and glorified her, leading her on with ever living zeal to fresh discoveries of beauty and harmony at every turn in her pilgrimage. It clothed her with the armour of the Happy Warrior.

"Whose high endeavours are in inward light That makes the path before him always bright."

To those who loved her it is difficult to realize that this vivid, brave and gifted personality has vanished from our sphere. But one feels that there must have been something triumphant even about her death. That is all we can hope to know—at present!

BY *Novalies* IN THE 'TRIBUNE,' LAHORE

Out of the silence of months I emerge to pay a tribute of memory to one who has just crossed the borderland and passed on to the beyond from whence comes neither whisper nor message to the land of

the living. Margaret Noble—Sister Nivedita—is dead and her work has been accomplished. When it comes to be put together that work may not amount to much because the time vouchsafed unto her was so short and she had perhaps no premonition of the angel-wings that had been beating about her summoning her silently to where her Master had gone before her.

* * * *

The qualities that she brought to bear on the work she did, deserve to be remembered for seldom did a truer or more generous nature throw in its lot with a cause so hopeless as that of India and with so much enthusiasm and hopefulness. One Anglo-Indian paper has called her love for India ' a craze ' and that is how other people will call it, for how many of them can fathom the depth of her nature or the passion that burned in her as a holy flame? To the shallow critic and the causal observer she was only a crank—gifted beyond doubt but only a crank.

* * * *

It is not for me however to attempt an appreciation of her work in this place. Mine as I have said is a tribute of memory, recalling her as I knew her in life. I saw her many times and talked with her for hours at a stretch and I shall here relate only incidents of actual happening, things and words as they may recur to the memory.

* * * *

It was at Srinagar, Kashmir, that I first met her. I was living in a house-boat close to a *donga* occupied by Swami Vivekananda and we used to pass much of our time together. Our boats were moored close to the guest-house of the Maharaja. Some way up the river beyond the Residency was a boat in which there were three lady disciples of Swami Vivekananda, Nivedita being one of them. One morning as I came back from a stroll I stepped into Vivekananda's boat and found the three ladies there and introductions followed. Nivedita looked quite young and handsome. She had a full figure and a high colour and though her eyes were very bright and vivacious she did not appear like a bluestocking or a very intellectual woman. But first appearances are frequently deceptive.

* * * *

The Jhelum was flowing rippling below the keel of the boat. A cool, fresh morning breeze stirred the water into little wavelets flecked with fleeting foam. Over away in the distance towered Takht Suleman with the pillar on the top. On the bank were poplars and chinars and apple and pear trees laden with fruit. And so, half observant and half obvious of the glorious nature outside, we fell into animated conversation. Sister Nivedita had a musical voice and spoke with the earnestness of an enthusiast. She wanted information on a hundred subjects. Swami

Vivekananda pointed his finger towards me and smiled, "Yes, yes, peck his brains. He will give you all the information you want." When leaving, one of the elderly ladies asked me to come and have tea with them the following afternoon.

* * * *

After they had gone Swami Vivekananda told me a great deal about Sister Nivedita—her great accomplishments and range of knowledge, her passionate devotion to India. Then he told a little story. They had just returned from Amarnath, the famous shrine among the snows. Vivekananda had walked with the other pilgrims. As a young ascetic he had tramped over the greater part of India. Sister Nivedita had a *dandy*. When they had proceeded only a few stages she noticed an old woman among the pilgrims and saw that she was walking painfully and laboriously with the help of a stick. Nivedita promptly got out of her *dandy*, put the old woman in it and walked all the way out and back from the shrine. When I asked her afterwards about it she said she had two blankets, slept on the ground andhad never felt better in her life.

* * * *

But I never saw her in Srinagar again. I received a letter which necessitated my immediate return to Lahore and I left the next morning asking Swami Vivekananda to make my excuses at the tea party.

* * * *

A few days later I met her at Lahore. She was staying with the other two ladies at Nedou's hotel and we met almost every day. Sometimes we would keep on talking till late at night, one of the other ladies quietly sitting by and listening to the bewildering range of our conversation. There was hardly a thing relating to India that we did not discuss. She frequently praised the judicial balance of the cultured Indian mind and the passionlessness of its outlook. Everything about her was sincere, frank and pure while her unaffected modesty was as charming as it was admirable. And I saw that she was a woman with an extraordinary intellect, of extensive and accurate reading. She was intensely impulsive, but every impulse was generous and her earnestness of purpose was consuming.

* * * *

She wanted me to show her the city. Would she like to drive through the city? No, she preferred to walk. A little slumming, I suggested, and she smilingly assented. So one fine morning we entered the city by the Lohari Gate and tramped for over two hours, passing through every street and lane in the city. She was greatly interested in everything she saw—the children who started at her open-mouthed, the women veiled and unveiled, the men who lounged at street corners, the Brahminy bulls lapping the rock salt exposed for their use on the

market stalls, the crowded houses. She took in everything and asked questions about everything. On coming out of the city we took a carriage and I drove her to the hotel.

* * * *

There were other experiences. The Ram Lila was going on. We drove out to see it. The other ladies stayed in the carriage but Sister Nivedita got down and wanted to go into the crowd. As I accompanied her a policeman on duty seeing an English woman began hustling the people and thrusting them aside to making a passage for her. In an instant Sister Nivedita's smiling demeanour changed. The blood rushed to her face, her eyes flashed indignant fire; going up to the policeman she exclaimed, "What right have you to push these people? You ought to be run in for assault. She spoke in English because she did not know the language of the country. The policeman did not understand her words but there was no mistaking her gesture and look. The man turned to me helplessly for an explanation and when he got it he slunk away looking sheepish and crestfallen. When we came out of the crowd I burst out laughing. Sister Nivedita turned to me saying, "Why are you laughing at me?" I explained to her that the sight of a policeman pushing people or even assaulting them was not a rare thing in India. She would not

believe it at first and became very indignant when I told her a few facts.

* * * *

I met her next in Calcutta and was startled by the change that had taken place in her appearance. All the high colour of her complexion had disappeared. She had grown pale and thin and her face looked both intellectual and spiritual. She wore round her neck a slender chain of *rudraksha*. She looked quite the *Brahmacharini* she was. For several weeks she had been living on a plantain and a slice of bread. She had taken a small house in the heart of northern Calcutta and was teaching a few Bengali girls on the Kindergarten system. Would not some Indian women dedicate themselves to the service of India as she had dedicated herself? That was why she had undertaken the instruction of Indian girls. She looked on everything Indian with the eyes of sympathy and love.

* * * *

Her interests were as varied as they were wide. She was deeply interested in Dr. J. C. Bose's scientific researches. I met her at the house of the American Consul General in Calcutta in earnest conversation with a well known Japanese thinker and writer. I heard her speaking in public. She was a most eloquent and fascinating speaker but her thoughts and language were far too high pitched for the common audience. As a writer the charm of her style

abides in her books. But I am thinking of the individual and not the writer—the clear, strenuous purpose, the fervour of faith, the human sympathy, the transparent sincerity, the selfless devotion to work.

* * * *

On one occasion accompanied by a friend I went to see her in her house in Calcutta. We were told by another lady staying in the house that Sister Nivedita was seriously ill, suffering from meningitis. She was being treated by Dr. Nil Ratan Sircar, the famous Calcutta Physician. After several anxious days the crisis passed and the patient was pronounced out of danger. Her time had not yet come. On recovery she went to England to recruit her health.

* * * *

I saw her once again at Benares for a few minutes while the Indian National Congress was sitting in that city. We were both pressed for time and there was not much conversation. And now she has gone to her rest, to peace everlasting, but those who had the privilege of knowing her will never forget her—her sweet yet forceful personality, her wonderfully pure life, white and fragrant as a lily.

V

By S. K. Ratcliffe

It is fitting perhaps that one who was especially favoured in having relations of close friendship with Sister Nivedita, both in India and in England, should at this time add a few words to the countless tributes paid to her memory by her Indian friends. All those who knew her will hope that some adequate record of her life and work may be prepared for publication. In the meantime, it may be well to set down a few facts and personal memories.

Margaret Noble was the daughter of the Rev. S. R. Noble, and was born at Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, on October 28th, 1867. Her father was trained for the Congregational ministry at the Lancashire Independent College, and he died at 34, leaving a widow and three young children, of whom Margaret was the eldest. She was trained as a teacher, being fortunate enough in her girlhood to become acquainted with some of the most enthusiastic apostles of the New Education then at work in London. Her own training in child-study was, I understand, extremely thorough. She was a close student of Frobel, and among her teachers was at least one of the most original English followers of Pestalozzi. Her practical experience was gained as teacher in

various girls' schools, and in the beginning of the nineties she opened, at Wimbledon, a school of her own in which she strove to give expression to her broad and vivid conceptions of education for girls. At Wimbledon she was the life and soul of an exceptionally interesting company of modern young men and women, eager enquirers into everything, discussing literature, society, and ethics with a furious and confident energy, and beginning in many directions work which has yielded fruit in the intervening years. Always, one gathers, it was the enthusiasm for new and free forms of education which was strongest with Margaret Noble, and she was one of the most active of the group which, nearly twenty years ago, established the Sesame Club, the first of those social centres for men and women in London which have since multiplied at so remarkable a pace.

It was, as she has recorded in "The Master as I Saw Him," at a drawing-room meeting in November 1895 that there befell the first meeting with Swami Vivekananda, from which came the fundamental change in her life and aims. The Swami had appeared at the Parliament of Religions organised in connection with the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. He was the first missionary of Indian religion to the West—or, as Sister Nivedita expressed it, the first in the long period which separates our own age

from the end of the Buddhist Missions inaugurated by the Emperor Asoka. At Chicago the Swami's subject was "The Religious Ideas of the Hindus," and his address came as a revelation to the American public and was the beginning of a singularly successful tour as lecturer and teacher. Leaving America for Europe in 1895, Vivekananda arrived in England during the following month and a few weeks later he was teaching in London. Miss Noble had only a few opportunities of hearing him before his return to America during the winter, but in April, 1896 he was back again in London, addressing meetings in the house of an English friend in St. George's Road, near Victoria Station. Miss Noble, who had become the Swami's devoted disciple, accepted his suggestion that she should go to India and help him in carrying out his plans for the education of Indian girls and women. He left England at the end of 1896, and a year later Margaret Noble followed him. She arrived at Calcutta in January 1898, and took up her quarters with some American friends in a small house at Belur, on the river a few miles above the city, where soon afterwards was established the Calcutta headquarters of the Ramakrishna Mission. From May to October of that year (1898) the Swami, Miss Noble and three other Western women (one of whom was the late Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the eminent Norwegian

musician and Nationalist), travelled together in the North-West, in Kumaon and Kashmir. At the end of the tour Sister Nivedita, as she had now become, endeavoured to put into effect her scheme of an Indian school in Northern Calcutta. The experiment was attended with much difficulty, and some months later it was abandoned in order that new means and opportunities might be found. In June 1899, accompanied by her Guru, she left Calcutta for Europe, arriving in England at the end of July. Shortly afterwards Vivekananda left England for America, and during the autumn he and his disciple were fellow-guests of some intimate American friends in a house on the Hudson River. Later he was a visitor to her family at Wimbledon, and he returned to India at the end of 1900, Sister Nivedita remaining in England until the beginning of 1902, when she resumed her work in Calcutta under conditions far more favourable to success than those which had attended its beginnings. Swami Vivekananda died on July 4, 1902. A few months afterwards Sister Nivedita was joined by an American colleague, Miss Greenstidel (Sister Christine), and together they entered upon the work of the school in Bose Para Lane, Bagh Bazar which in the years following grew into a vital and momentous enterprise. A dangerous illness in the early months of 1905 was succeeded in 1906, by a severe protracted

spell of malarial fever, the result of a visit of enquiry and service paid during the rains of that year to Eastern Bengal, where the people were suffering miserably from famine and flood. The terrible strain of these two illnesses broke down her magnificent physique. Sister Nivedita was never the same again. The last few months of her life were divided between England and America, and she returned finally in the spring of the present year, to die at Darjeeling on October, 13th—a fortnight before the close of her 44th year.

I recall with a curious feeling the first occasion on which I met her. It was at the house of a European lady in London Street, in July 1902, a few days only after the death of Vivekananda. A number of English people, and Indians, the latter mostly members of the Brahmo Samaj, had been invited to meet Sister Nivedita, who seemed to me singularly out of her element. She was asked to speak, and I recall her address as a deeply earnest tribute to the customs and ideals of Indian womanhood, such as her friends constantly heard from her, combined with a trenchant attack upon the ruling race for its complete failure to understand the essentials of the society which its institutions were destroying. No one who knows the circumstances will be surprised to hear that the address was anything but a success as an adjunct to an Indo-European tea-party in the

fashionable quarter of Calcutta; but upon one auditor at least the personality and the message made a deep impression. I was then a new-comer, having joined the staff of *The Statesman* hardly two months before. The whole affair was strange—the afternoon gathering, the meeting of West and East, and this Western voice speaking to Europeanised Indians of the greatness and enduring beauty of the customs and ideals from which they had cut themselves adrift.

It seemed, as I look back upon it now, a far from promising beginning; but it led to a friendship which to me, as to my wife, must always be the most valuable and revealing of all personal experiences. Sister Nivedita was living then, as always during the remainder of her Calcutta life, in the little house at Bagh Bazaar, with its two tiny courtyards and the exquisite simplicity of its ordering. Although entirely devoted to the school and its attendant activities, there were no rules of exclusion in the House of the Sisters, provided only that the privileged male visitor did not intrude during the hours given up to the orthodox Hindu ladies who came for tuition in needle-work or English. And nearly always the Sundays were available, from the early breakfast, served with the extreme of simplicity and with constant merriment on the little verandah, through long hours of earnest talk or

eager discussion. Her house was a wonderful rendezvous. Not often did one meet a Western visitor, save at those times when an English or American friend would be making a stay in Calcutta; but nowhere else, so far as our experience went, was there an opportunity of making acquaintance with so many and varied types of Indian character. Here would come Members of Council and leaders in the civic affairs of Calcutta and Bengal, men whose names and doings were daily canvassed in the newspapers; Indian artists and men of letters; teachers, speakers, journalists, students; frequently a travelled member of the Order of Ramakrishna, occasionally a wandering scholar, not seldom a religious leader or public man from a far province. At one time, as I remember, with peculiar pleasure, the most frequent visitor was an inimitable Bengali editor, full of keen sayings and sardonic laughter and wit that stung like fine cords. And above all other occasions there stands out a morning of the cold weather, I think in 1906, when we had the pleasure of conducting Mr. William Jennings Bryan and his wife, then taking India on their way round the world, to a particularly joyous breakfast in Bagh Bazaar.

At the time of which I speak, Sister Nivedita was writing hard, the daily labour of the school being left largely to her very efficient colleague. The publication in 1904, of "The Web of Indian Life"

had made her work widely known in England and America, and she followed this up with constant contributions to the Indian monthlies—in which she dealt, in the style that gained a hearing for everything she wrote, with the ideals of Indian education and art, the new claims of the civic consciousness, the position of woman, and, as the basis of every theme, with the re-statement and interpretation of Indian ideas of conduct, character and society.

I cannot speak here of her remarkable, and as some of us feel, quite unique relation to and influence upon the student community. It will, I think, be agreed that within the last ten years a great change has come about in the character and demeanour of the Bengali student, a change which many regard with misgiving. Naturally I do not refer to those aspects of the subject which have caused disquietude among the authorities: they have nothing to do with the influence which went out, in ever-widening circles as the years passed, from Bose Para Lane. I refer to those developments in which whatever the shade of our political opinion, we cannot but rejoice. Many things have been operating to give the young Indian a new view of life and education and possibility; but no one, I think, who knew Sister Nivedita and the things for which she stood can doubt that the growth in young Bengal of a stronger and finer sense of social and civic duty is due in an incalculable

degree to her personal influence and to the force and eloquence of her written appeals.

In the years which followed the return from the first of her long visits to the West (1902) Sister Nivedita seemed likely to develop into a regular and constant speaker. She lectured often, and not in Calcutta alone. I remember several notable lecturing tours—especially one in the Madras Presidency in the cold weather of 1902-03, and one in Western India shortly afterwards. Latterly, however, for reasons obvious enough to her friends, she showed a disposition to confine her activities to writing and to direct personal contact with those who were making towards the New India of which she dreamed. And yet it has always seemed to me that public speech gave her the opportunity most adapted to the delivery of her message. She varied greatly on the platform. Always rather at the mercy of a too difficult thesis, given to the use of socio-philosophic terms and a far too compressed method of exposition, she sometimes soared far above the comprehension of her audience, and I have known her give an address which to those who did not know the speaker and the utter sincerity from which the words came, must have seemed, not only unintelligible but ruined by something for which I can find no better word than pretentiousness. And yet how far removed was anything of display from that fine and nobly

veracious mind. One thinks of her best (and nearly always she was so), addressing some crowded gathering in the years before her strength was broken and before there come upon her that sense of " the little done, the undone vast," in which latterly she seemed to abide. I recall, in especial, two occasions in Calcutta. The first was in the autumn of 1902, when she cut short as Sunday evening call by saying that she was due at a lecture. She allowed me to accompany her, and we went, if my memory is not at fault, to a Bengali school in Cornwalis Street. The quadrangle was densely crowded, with youths and men, and on the platform was seated, by the symbolic *tulsi* plant, a *Kathak* who as we entered began a recital from the Ramayana. For an hour or so he continued, declaiming and intoning, while his hearers listened enrapt. A friendly interpreter explained the episode to me—I have forgotten which it was. When the recital was finished Sister Nivedita rose to speak, without any preliminary (she always disliked the instrusion of a chairman). She spoke, as always, from the feeling of the moment as regards the form ; from long reflection as regards the substance. She was I think, announced to speak on the Ideals of the Indian Student, and she began with the recital to which they had just listened—pointing her moral swiftly and with most striking effect. Did they think it was enough to learn and admire

and repeat the Ramayana, to know the ancient stories and to glory in the ideals which had inspired the men and women of early India? "Believe me, that is nothing. The Ramayana is not something that has come once for all from a society that is dead and gone; it is something springing ever from the living heart of a people. Our word to the young Indian to-day is: Make your own Ramayana, not in written stories, but in service and achievement for the motherland."

The other occasion, some two years later, was one in which, at the outset, she seemed extraordinarily "out of the picture." The Dalhousie Institute was filled with a mixed audience. Mostly Indian, for as odd a purpose as could well be imagined in that country—to hear a debate on Marriage *versus* Celibacy. The meeting was arranged, as an anniversary treat, by the committee of a well-known Bengali Library. The last of the Military Members of Council (Sir Edmond Elles) was in the chair. The case for celibacy was stated by the late Sir Edward Law, the Viceroy's Finance Minister; the case for marriage by an elderly Parsee member of the Civil Service then head of the provincial department of Excise. Both openers gave play to the easy facetiousness which is commonly deemed proper to the discussion of this and kindred subjects, and the affair was barely saved from disaster by the seriousness

with which a prominent Indian judicial officer expounded the traditional Indian view of marriage. Towards the end of the meeting Sir Edmond Elles called on Sister Nivedita, who was seated on the platform with an English woman friend. She began slowly, with a courteous half-humorous rebuke to the Chairman, and then in a few pointed and searching sentences outlined the conception of wifehood as revealed in Eastern tradition. Developing this and incidentally answering some criticism by a previous speaker of the Western woman who makes a career for herself outside marriage—she gave a brilliant little exposition of the contrasted and complementing views of the place of woman as mother and as individual. It was extraordinarily skilful, complete, convincing, and the whole thing occupied a short ten minutes. But what interested me even more than the perfection of the speech was the way in which the tone of the meeting was transformed by the touchstone of her dominating sincerity.

Many times before and after that I heard her speak—to groups of students, or in the Calcutta Town Hall, before a great audience, on her one absorbing theme—the religion of Nationalism; before English gatherings in hall or church or drawing-room. And I have thought, and still think, that her gift of speech was something which when fully exercised I have never known surpassed

—so sure and faultless in form, so deeply impassioned, of such flashing and undaunted sincerity.

I do not think that even the best of her books represents the strength and range of her intellect, notwithstanding the brilliant literary gift which was undoubtedly hers. "Kali the mother" (1900), the little volume into which she put the first-fruits of her Indian studies under Vivekananda, revealed something of her interpretative faculty, although its title and sentiment were startling to those English readers who knew only the ordinary European view of the "bloody goddess." Into "The Web of Indian Life" (1904) she put, as her friends knew, all the force of her mind and all the intensity of her faith. The result, fine and powerful as it is, has always seemed to me far below what might have been expected from her had she lived to write the interpretation of Indian domestic life and of the social structure of Hinduism to which she would undoubtedly have devoted herself. She came, I feel sure, to realise this, and her two later books showed a great advance in mastery of style. It may be that "The Master as I Saw Him" (1909) will never find a public much beyond the ranks of those, in India and the West, who have been captured by the message of Vivekananda, but one finds it hard to believe that the "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" will not reach an increasing circle with the passage of the years.

Among the many comments on the life of Sister Nivedita evoked by her death, I have seen, up to the time of writing, only one in which there was a note of disparagement. An editorial article in a leading Calcutta daily (English of course) contained these words:—

"One can only surmise that a woman of her keen intellect and wide reading must have felt herself stifled after a time in the narrow little world in which she strove to play at Hinduism. For it was play."

No one who knew that splendid and dauntless spirit could ever think it worth while to defend the actions of the aims of Sister Nivedita against a criticism such as this, even though it followed hard upon her death and appeared in a journal to which she contributed some of the ablest examples of her journalistic writing. But it is permissible, I think, to take up the challenge contained in the word "play" upon which the writer of the passage lays emphasis. We think of her life of sustained and intense endeavour, her open-eyed and impassioned search for truth; the courage that never quailed, the noble compassionate heart. We think of her tending the victims of plague and famine, putting heart into the helpless and defeated, royally spending all the powers of a rich intelligence and an over-flowing humanity in the service of those with whom she had

cast her lot. And we say; If this was play, then may grace be given us all to play, the game.—*Modern Review.*

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